

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. DR. SCHLIEMANN'S TROJAN ANTIQUITIES, .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . .	515
II. FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. By Thomas Hardy, author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," etc. Part VI., . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	536
III. SIR PETER LELY, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	549
IV. THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER. Part VI., . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	559
V. THE FIJI ISLANDS. II.—The Natives, .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> . . . . .	569
VI. THE DOMESDAY BOOK OF SCOTLAND, .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	571
VII. THE HISTORY OF POPULAR VOTING IN SWITZERLAND, . . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> . . . . .	574
POETRY.		
THE THOUGHT OF HER, . . . . .	514   WINTER SUNRISE, . . . . .	514
MISCELLANY, . . . . .		576

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## THE THOUGHT OF HER.

A. B. B.

I.

At thought of her the tender tears  
Are troubled from their springs,  
Yet stir as weeps the April rain  
Her violets that brings,  
With health and healing in their wells,  
Not bitter, brackish things.

II.

Only it is the getting used  
To have one more in Heaven!  
It will seem strange and bleak at first,  
The daily closeness riven,  
And yearning love that wants her back  
So easily forgiven!

III.

At thought of her the flickering smiles  
Quiver and glimmer, too;  
So gracious, beautiful and bright  
Her rounded life-time grew! —  
Remembering all her ways and words,  
As faithful lovers do.

IV.

How vividly they catch the light,  
Like embers fanned aglow —  
This quaintness or that archness shown  
Some day we only know;  
An attitude, a look, a gem  
Worn *then*, a ribbon so; —

V.

A winsome air, a gentle tone,  
A kindliness she did,  
All fragrant with that sense of her  
That could no more be hid  
Than subtle lavender or rose  
Laid common things amid.

VI.

At thought of her the air grows pure  
And tremulous and sweet;  
It was a vision perfected,  
A lovely life to meet.  
Brave woman, wife, and mother crowned  
And angel now beside,  
The world is richer that she lived,  
And Heaven that she died.

VII.

She died; — and yet no need to say  
*Her memory*, — as though  
Of us and our to-day she had  
Forevermore let go,  
Left us the past, and would henceforth  
No longer care or know.

VIII.

Can she who here loved lavishly,  
Now only out of sight,  
Be colder, more forgetful grown  
There in God's full love-light?

Oh! no, we will not count her out,  
Telling the rest good-night.

IX.

Then give we thanks, O Lord! for her  
Gone in Thy faith and fear,  
For good she wrought, for seed she sowed  
And left to ripen here,  
For all the honor, love and peace  
That keeps her name so dear;

X.

But most for this — a legacy  
Such as none other wear,  
Potent to stay our hearts in stress,  
Uplift us lest we err,  
And beckon, beacon-like, to Heaven,  
— The blessed thought of her!  
Springfield Republican.

E. B.

## WINTER SUNRISE.

THEY miss this glorious sight  
Who still upon the pillow rest their head —  
That first long ray upslanting rosy red  
From clouds of night:

Then, like a burnished shield,  
The sun's broad disc mounts in the purple  
sky;  
While, white as virgin snow, the hoar-frosts  
lie  
On street and field.

An allegory fair  
Of life's undreamed-of possibilities!  
Yon burning orb above, yet still there lies  
The hoar-frost there.

So do I spend my strength  
In vain, it often seems; and wearily  
Still "Vanity of vanities!" I cry.  
And yet, at length,

I know that sun will gain  
Each day a mightier force, as onward speed  
The days to summer. Sure therein I read  
My lesson plain;

That lesson, Persevere!  
Press on; and thou shalt make thy presence  
felt;  
Be strong; and all the morning frosts shall  
melt  
In noontide clear.

Tinsley's Magazine.

From The Edinburgh Review.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S TROJAN ANTIQUITIES.\*

MUCH curiosity was excited, towards the close of last summer, by the announcement, which appeared first in the German newspapers, but soon found its way into those of this country also—that a German *savant*, who was known to have been engaged for a considerable time past in researches on the plain of Troy, had not only determined beyond a doubt the site of that far-famed city, but had brought to light the very palace of King Priam himself, and, what was more, had found upon the site a large portion of the treasures in gold and silver that had once belonged to the Trojan monarch, and which the Greek invaders, as it appeared, had omitted to carry off. Such a discovery was indeed calculated to arouse the attention, not only of archæologists and scholars, but of every cultivated person in the three kingdoms; but who is there that can pretend to that title, to whom the names of Priam and Hecuba, of Hector and Andromache, are not as familiar as household words? Great as was the interest attached to such marvellous discoveries as those at Nineveh, which may be said to have brought to light again the existence of a buried empire, they were deficient in that highest source of interest which is derived from the association and connection with persons well known in history, or in that poetical and legendary story, which is apt to impress itself more strongly on the mind than any true history.

At the same time this very circumstance was one of the causes which led to this first announcement being received with some incredulity as well as astonishment. The old undoubting faith of former days, which had received the Trojan War as an event as historical and unquestionable as the Crusades, and had looked on Aga-

memnon and Achilles as no less historical personages than Godfrey of Bouillon or Edward the Black Prince, had almost entirely passed away; and while many scholars were still content to believe that there must remain a substratum of fact underlying this accumulated mass of legend and fiction, others insisted on resolving the whole into those hazy mists of mythology, in which the bewildered inquirer gropes in vain for any glimpse of truth or reality. To be told, therefore, that the results of actual excavations upon the spot had not only proved the real existence of Troy, but the substantial truth of the Trojan War, and revealed objects of great intrinsic value, which could be assigned without hesitation to the period of that event, and might be reasonably believed to have belonged to the aged Priam himself, and been worn or handled by his sons and daughters, was indeed an assertion calculated to arouse the scepticism of more critical scholars, while those who still clung to the ancient legend would be apt to feel that it was too good news to be true.

For some time no definite information on the subject was received; and it was not till the publication of an article in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" of January last, by M. Emile Burnouf, the learned director of the French school at Athens; and of one by Mr. Max Müller in "*The Academy*," almost exactly at the same time, that scholars and archæologists in this country had any means of forming a judgment for themselves of the real value and nature of the discoveries in question. Since then Dr. Schliemann's own work has appeared, containing not only a minute and detailed account of the whole course and progress of his excavations, but illustrated with photographic representations of all the objects of interest discovered in the course of them, as well as with plans of the excavations and the ruins brought to light, which supply the fullest information concerning all the circumstances of this extraordinary *trouvaille*. Whatever opinion we may form as to the scientific and historical results of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, and however we may feel disposed to dissent from

\* 1. *Trojanische Alterthümer. Bericht über die Ausgrabungen in Troja.* Von Dr. HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN. 8vo. Leipzig: 1874.

2. *Atlas Trojanischer Alterthümer. Photographische Abbildungen zu dem Bericht über die Ausgrabungen in Troja.* Von Dr. HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN. 4to. (218 Photographic Plates with Descriptive Text.) 1874.

some of his conclusions — tintured as they are with an enthusiasm natural enough under the circumstances — there can be but one opinion as to the gratitude we owe him for the unwearied zeal with which he prosecuted his labours, at a very heavy expense, during a period of nearly two years, on the supposed site of Troy; as well as for the candid and complete manner in which he has communicated the results of those labours to the public, and afforded them the amplest means of drawing their own conclusions from the materials thus placed at their disposal. Our object in the following pages will be to make our readers acquainted with the facts connected with these very remarkable discoveries, and to point out their bearing on the immediate questions connected with the site of Troy, while we must content ourselves with briefly hinting at some of the other subjects of archaeological interest on which they are calculated to throw a new and unexpected light.

But before we proceed to follow the progress of Dr. Schliemann's excavations, it will be necessary to advert briefly to the topography of the surrounding localities, and to the causes that determined him to devote his attention especially to the particular spot where his researches have been productive of such remarkable results. All our readers are probably aware that the topography of the plain of Troy, and the true site of that famous city, have been in modern times the subject of much controversy. No doubt existed, indeed, as to the position assigned to it by the concurrent voice of ancient tradition. Throughout the historical period of Greek literature — from the Persian War to the Roman Empire — there existed on a hill about two miles from the shore of the Hellespont, a town, which still bore the celebrated name of Ilium, and which was generally believed to occupy the site of the city of Priam. A temple dedicated to Pallas Athena, who figures so prominently in the Iliad as the tutelary goddess of Troy, still crowned the heights of its acropolis; and so strong was the belief in the identity of the city thus subsisting with the Homeric

Ilium, that when Xerxes was about to conduct his mighty host of barbarians across the Hellespont, he went up to the "Pergamus of Priam" (as it is called by Herodotus), and sacrificed a thousand oxen to the Ilian Athena.\* His example was followed, a century and a half later, by Alexander, who not only went up to the citadel and offered sacrifices to the tutelary goddess, but dedicated there his own suit of armour, and took down in return some of the arms preserved in the temple, which, according to the popular belief, had belonged to one or other of the heroes that had fought in the Trojan War.† After the death of Alexander, the city of Ilium, which had hitherto been a poor and decayed place, notwithstanding its historical celebrity, was restored, enlarged, and fortified anew by Lysimachus, and continued through several centuries, first under the kings of Pergamus, afterwards under the Roman dominion, to be a flourishing and populous town. That it should continue throughout this period to enjoy the character of representing the Homeric city, is no more than was to be expected, and must be admitted to prove nothing, as such a traditional belief, when once established, will almost always continue unchanged.

It was not, indeed, universally adopted. The "still, small voice," of criticism was raised against it, though with little effect, by a certain Demetrius, a native of Scepsis, a small town in the Troad, who was a contemporary of Aristarchus, and devoted himself to the study of the Homeric poems with so much zeal that he composed a work, extending to not less than thirty books, devoted entirely to a commentary on the Homeric catalogue of the Trojans and their allies. His opinions, however, appear to have met with very little assent in antiquity, and had it not been for their mention by Strabo, who himself adopted his conclusions, we should have remained in total ignorance of the blow thus aimed at "the mythical legitimacy of Ilium." The diffi-

\* Herodotus, lib. vii. c. 43.

† Arrian, "Anab." lib. i. c. 11.



culties which presented themselves to his mind — especially the limited space between the reputed Ilium and the sea — were the same that have been the stumbling-block of so many modern writers. It was not in accordance with any different tradition, or on the evidence of existing remains, that Demetrius and Strabo were led to disbelieve in the pretensions of the Ilium of their day, but because they found it impossible to reconcile its position with the details given in the Iliad concerning the incidents of the war and the movements of the conflicting armies. It was solely in order to obviate these difficulties and allow more space for the theatre of war, that Demetrius was led to the novel and startling hypothesis that the Ilium which had been so long revered as the representative of the "sacred city" had no real claim to that dignity, and that Troy had in reality occupied a site considerably farther inland, where there still stood in his day a place called "the village of the Ilions.\*"

On one point, indeed, the arguments first brought forward by the sceptical critics were unanswerable. They proved beyond a doubt that the Ilions of their time could not appeal to the unbroken evidence of tradition which would arise from the continuous occupation of the site from the heroic ages downwards. According to the legendary history of Troy, which was admitted by both sides in the controversy, the city had been destroyed — burnt with fire — and though the Trojan people continued to exist for a considerable period, there is no trace of the re-establishment of the ancient city, until — centuries after the supposed date of its destruction, and long after the age of the Homeric poems — a Greek colony was settled on the spot which for ages afterwards bore the name of Ilium. The date of this second foundation is somewhat vaguely assigned by Strabo to the period of the last Lydian dynasty — that is between 720 and 550 B.C. In the long interval between the two, the Troad and the neighbouring districts had been invaded and occupied in succession by

several barbarous tribes, chiefly of Thracian origin, and the result was, according to Strabo, that the ethnography of the surrounding region had undergone such changes as to present hardly any resemblance to that which was represented in the Homeric catalogue. But the one definite fact clearly remained: the Ilium known in historical times was a Hellenic city, and its inhabitants could not therefore be descended from the ancient Trojans.

In modern times the particular view advocated by Demetrius and Strabo has found little favour, but the same line of argument has been urged by a host of modern critics in support of another wholly different site as that of the Homeric Ilium. It was as far back as the year 1786, that a French traveller named Le Chevalier, on a visit to the Troad, discovered near the Turkish village of Bunarbashi two springs, which appeared to him so well to answer to the well-known description in the Iliad of the two sources of the Scamander,\* as to leave no doubt on his mind that they were really those described by Homer, and that the city of the heroic ages — the only one that could be present to the mind of the poet — was situated on the heights behind Bunarbashi, at a distance of not less than eight or nine miles from the mouth of the Scamander and the shore of the Hellespont. The suggestion thus made was eagerly taken up by several eminent scholars, while it was not less warmly combated by others; the localities were visited again and again by numerous travellers, and the result has been that the plain of Troy has been a battle-field of scholars and geographers in modern days, as it was of heroes in the olden time. "The works which have been written on the subject (observes one of the latest contributors to the list) form a literature to themselves." It would be of little interest to enter afresh into the details of the earlier controversy. Our readers will find in the able summary of Mr. Grote all that they need care to know of the arguments and theories advanced on both

\* Strabo, lib. xiii. c. 1, § 35.

\* Iliad, xxii. v. 147-156.

sides by the writers who took up the question in the last century — Bryant, Morritt, Gilbert Wakefield, and the eminent geographer, Major Rennell.\* The contest has been renewed in more recent times — especially by the distinguished German scholars, Professors Welcker and Forchhammer, as well as by our own great topographer, Colonel Leake; and a very clear and impartial survey of the arguments, *pro* and *con.*, is given by Mr. Tozer,† who visited the plain of Troy as lately as 1861. All these writers had the great advantage of personal acquaintance with the localities, and they have all pronounced in favour of the height known as Bali Dag, about a mile beyond Bunarbashi; a site which is described as combining all the requisites which the ancient inhabitants would be likely to seek for, in choosing a position for their city.

On the other side we have the very grave authority of Mr. Grote, who, after reviewing all that had been published before his time upon the subject, pronounces emphatically for the old traditional site of the historic Ilium. The same view has been maintained by Mr. Maclaren, and in Germany by Dr. Eckenbrecher and other writers in recent times — among others, as we learn from Dr. Schliemann, by the learned archæologist, Dr. Braun. Dr. Ulrichs, we believe, stands alone in maintaining the theory of Demetrius of Scepsis and Strabo, that Troy occupied the site which was known in their days as “the village of the Ilians,” and is now marked by the decayed Turkish village of Aktchi-köi. But the general current of opinion among scholars and geographers ran strongly in favour of the modern theory, which transferred it to the neighbourhood of Bunarbashi; and all the best modern maps agree in marking this as the site of the ancient Troy, while they give the name of New Ilium to the ruins on the hill of Hissarlik, which unquestionably indicate the site of the historic city of the name.‡

On looking back to the state of the question as it stood before the recent researches of Dr. Schliemann, we think it must be fairly admitted that the case was

“not proven” on either side, and that there was no great predominance of argument in favour of the site which had been so generally adopted. If the one party found difficulties in supposing Troy to have stood at so short a distance from the sea as the New Ilium — the objection originally urged by Demetrius, and taken up by many modern writers — it might be contended on the other that the heights of Bunarbashi were too distant. In either case it was impossible to explain many passages of the Iliad, without great allowance for poetic licence; and if this were to be admitted in some cases, why may it not be extended to others? The fact, we think, must be allowed by all impartial inquirers that the minor details of the poem cannot be made to agree with the present topography of the plain of Troy, on either hypothesis as to the site of the city. Enthusiastic advocates, indeed, find them coincide so perfectly with whichever theory they adopt, as to make it clear to calmer judges that little reliance is to be placed on this line of argument. The commanding position of the supposed site on the Bali Dag, and the splendid view which it affords of the whole plain from Bunarbashi to the sea, produces so strong an effect upon those who have visited the spot as to give them a strong prepossession in its favour. Both Colonel Leake and Mr. Tozer were evidently so impressed with the idea that this *ought to be* the site of Troy, that they could hardly avoid the conclusion that it *was* the site. And had the question rested solely on the character of the ground, and the general topography of the plain, it may perhaps be admitted that the balance of probabilities was rather in favour of the modern theory.

In this state of things it became clear that the only hope of arriving at any definite conclusion was by means of excavations on the sites selected by the rival theorists.

The first attempt to derive information from this source was made in 1864 by the late Austrian Consul, Von Hahn, whose name is well known to all persons acquainted with Greece and the Levant, and who set to work to explore the height of the Bali Dag, the supposed site of the Pergamus of Troy.\* The result of his researches may be briefly summed up in the conclusion that while they proved incontestably that the height of the Bali

\* The result of his researches was published at Leipzig in 1865, under the title “Die Ausgrabungen auf der Homerischen Pergamos.”

\* Grote's “History of Greece,” vol. i. chap. xv. pp. 435-450.

† The Highlands of Turkey, vol. ii. pp. 337-367.

‡ This Journal has in times long gone by taken some part in this discussion. The curious reader will find an article on the “Topography of Troy” in the sixth volume of the Edin. Review, p. 258, which claims additional interest from the fact that we believe it to have been written by the Earl of Aberdeen some after his return from a journey to the Troad in 1804.

Dagh had been at some ancient period occupied by a small town, with a fortified citadel, there was nothing to connect these insignificant remains with the heroic age, or to lead to the conclusion that that town was the Homeric Ilium. Indeed the very small accumulation of soil or *débris* upon the surface seemed to show conclusively that it could not have been inhabited from a very early time.

Such was the state of things when Dr. Schliemann landed at the Dardanelles in 1867. He was not only an ardent lover and enthusiastic student of the Homeric poems, but he was, as he himself tells us, accustomed to look upon every detail of the Iliad with the same reverence as upon those of the Gospels; \* and one striking illustration of this frame of mind was his firm conviction that the Homeric city *must* have contained at least 50,000 inhabitants! This consideration alone sufficed, on his first visit to Bunarbashi, to convince him that Troy had never stood on the hill above that town, where the limited space indicated by the ancient remains could never have accommodated a population of more than 2,000 souls. He, however, instituted some slight and hasty excavations on the spot, the result of which was only to confirm those of the Austrian Consul. At the same time, this first visit to the plain of Troy rendered him an enthusiastic supporter of the old traditional theory, and in the book which he published on his return, entitled "Ithaca, the Peloponnese, and Troy," † he argued the question at considerable length, but without adding anything of importance to the arguments already adduced in favour of the Hissarlik site. He learnt, however, from Mr. Frank Calvert, who has an extensive farm in the neighbourhood and has carried on archæological researches to a considerable extent, that that gentleman had ascertained the hill which forms the highest summit of the site in question to be formed in great part of the remains of ancient buildings and habitations, and to contain the ruins of at least one edifice of importance. Hence he arrived at the conclusion that "in order to arrive at the ruins of the palaces of Priam and his sons, as well as those of the temples of Minerva and Apollo, it would be necessary to remove the whole artificial portion of this hill." By so doing he was

convinced that he would bring to light the remains of edifices of a Cyclopean character, similar to those of Mycenæ and Tiryns; a style of architecture which he assumed to be so characteristic of the heroic ages that it would be doubtless employed even for the private houses of such a city as Troy.\*

The hill of Hissarlik, which is admitted on all hands to be the site of the *historical* Ilium—the place visited by Xerxes and by Alexander as the genuine Homeric Troy—is a plateau of considerable extent, which has evidently been surrounded by a wall in Hellenic times, traces of which are still visible, while the foundations of buildings, as well as numerous blocks of hewn stone and fragments of pottery in abundance, are found scattered over its whole extent. But the north-western angle of the hill rises to a slight elevation above the rest of the plateau, and it is this portion of the surface that, according to Dr. Schliemann's first impression was marked out "by its imposing situation and its natural fortifications" as the unquestionable site of the Pergamus of Troy. We must not, however, form an exaggerated estimate either of its height or extent. The general level of the table-land of Ilium does not rise more than about eighty feet above the plain, while the acropolis at its north-western corner rises about twenty-five feet more; and this elevated portion, which, as we shall see, was the sole theatre of all Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, does not exceed about 325 yards in length, by about 235 yards in breadth. It must be admitted that such a site is far from corresponding with the grand idea that the readers of Homer will have involuntarily formed of the lofty citadel of the "wind-blown" Troy; but, then, Homer was a poet, in whom such exaggeration was natural, and we may many of us remember the disappointment with which we first gazed on the far-famed Tarpeian Rock.

It was not till October, 1871, that Dr. Schliemann was able to commence systematic excavations on the site which he believed to be that of the Homeric Pergamus, and from this time till the month of June, 1873, he continued his labours with unwearied assiduity, with only such intervals as were rendered necessary by the intervention of the winter months. The conclusion of Mr. Calvert that the upper part of this hill was in great meas-

\* Einleitung, p. xi.

† "Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja," published at Leipzig in 1869, and at the same time in French at Paris.

\* Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja, p. 170.

ure artificial, or, at least, was the result of the accumulation of *débris* and ruins upon a long-inhabited site, proved to be perfectly correct; and some idea may be formed of the enormous mass of rubbish that had to be removed, from the mere fact that the "treasure" which ultimately rewarded his exertions was found at a depth of 8 1-2 mètres or about 27 feet below the surface, while his excavations had elsewhere been carried to the much greater depth of 16 mètres, or more than 50 feet, before reaching the native rock. Of course such an accumulation as this must have been due to local and exceptional causes—as in the case of the Forum at Rome—and cannot, therefore, be taken as any measure of the antiquity of the remains discovered. But in the course of his investigations Dr. Schliemann brought to light the most conclusive evidence of the great lapse of time that had intervened since the earliest of these remains were deposited. In penetrating from above, till he reached the soft calcareous rock that forms the basis of the hill, he passed through five successive strata, every one of which he considers as indicating the presence of a different people, and representing to some extent a distinct phase of civilization.

The uppermost stratum was naturally that of the Greek colony, or the historical Ilium; and this was marked, as might be expected, by such objects as usually reward the labour of the excavator on similar sites—Greek coins, Greek pottery, fragments of Greek architecture, and the foundations of ancient buildings, together with vast masses of large hewn stones, which added greatly to the difficulty of carrying on the excavations. But even in this part of his work Dr. Schliemann was fortunate in the result of his researches. He not only brought to light the foundations of a temple, which he considers, with much plausibility, to occupy the site of that of the Ilian Athena, though the actual edifice cannot be referred to a more remote period than that of Alexander, but he found several inscriptions of considerable interest, and which fully confirm the conclusion—already, indeed, sufficiently established—that the ruins in which they were found were those of the historical Ilium. The most important of these remains, including walls and ramparts of regular Hellenic masonry, are referred by him to the time of Lysimachus, who (as we are told by Strabo) paid great at-

tention to Ilium after the death of Alexander, erected a temple there, and surrounded it with a wall forty stadia in circumference.\* This is evidently the wall that surrounded the extensive plateau of Hissarlik, the whole of which was undoubtedly comprised within the limits of Ilium in the days of its prosperity. To the same period Dr. Schliemann refers the only important work of Greek sculpture that he discovered in the course of his researches—the metope of a temple, adorned with a figure of Apollo, as the Sun, in a quadriga, in high relief and of very beautiful execution.

But after penetrating to a depth of above 6 feet, all these relics of the later Ilium disappeared at once. Below that depth the hewn blocks of stone ceased to encumber the soil and embarrass the progress of the workmen. With them disappeared all traces of civilization, though unquestionable signs of habitation were found in the shape of broken pottery and other household articles. A few implements of bronze were also discovered, and the remains of charred wood and ashes, appearing to indicate that the inhabitants, whoever they were, lived only in wooden houses, and that the greater part of these had been destroyed by fire.

There was nothing in this to encourage the hope of finding the remains of the Homeric Troy and the civilization of the heroic ages: but Dr. Schliemann was still more perplexed when, after passing through about the same thickness of this mass of rubbish as the Hellenic stratum above it, at a depth of 13 feet from the surface, he came upon a layer containing an enormous quantity of stone implements of various descriptions—spearheads, axes, adzes, hammers of hard black or green stone (diorite), knives and saws of flint, weights of granite, hand-mills of lava, &c.—associated with pottery, which was indeed plain and unornamented, but carefully executed. In the midst of these "colossal masses," as he terms them, of stone implements, resembling in their general character those which are found in almost all parts of Europe, and are generally regarded as characteristic of "the Stone Age," he found no evidence of the use of metal except two pins of copper or bronze. The houses, of which ruins and foundations were met with in large quantities, were roughly constructed of common-

\* Strabo, xiii, c. i. § 26.



sized unwrought stones, bound together with ordinary clay.

Such a result was discouraging in the extreme, and as the workmen laboured on through nearly 10 feet of similar materials, still bringing to light stone implements and arms, and nothing else, Dr. Schliemann began almost to despair of ever discovering "the Pergamus of Priam," and to believe that he had already passed into the remains of an epoch long anterior to the Trojan War. But with the most praiseworthy perseverance he determined to continue his search till he reached the native rock. It was with as much surprise as satisfaction that he came, at a depth of about 33 feet, upon knives, spear-heads, and battle-axes of bronze, of such fine and careful workmanship as to prove that they belonged to a people comparatively advanced in civilization; and the deeper he sank his excavation below this level, the more unquestionable evidence did he find of their civilized condition. The pottery was extremely varied in its forms, but generally of very fine quality and admirable execution. The houses were built of unbaked bricks, but had foundations and door-sills of stone, of the most massive character.

With all his energy — which was now doubly roused by the conviction that he had really reached the object of his search and was on the threshold of still greater discoveries — Dr. Schliemann did not succeed in the first year of his researches in penetrating through these successive layers of *débris* to the native rock beneath. But the next year he recommenced operations on a larger scale, and having laid bare to a considerable extent the surface of the rock, at a depth of not less than 16 metres or 52 feet beneath the accumulated mass above, he satisfied himself that there existed a fifth layer, of about 6 feet in thickness, distinct from the one above it which had afforded the interesting results already mentioned, and which, as it was immediately above the rocky basis of the hill, must represent the earliest inhabitants of the spot. The account of this lowest layer is not very clear, nor are the reasons very fully given which induced Dr. Schliemann to regard it as something distinct from the one above it, both alike containing arms and implements of bronze, though intermixed with many others of stone, pottery of very superior quality and much elegance of form, and large masses of hewn stone, evidently belonging to the ruins of buildings on a large scale. But the point is not

one of much importance, for the subsequent discoveries of Dr. Schliemann are all referred by him to the second of these strata (reckoning from the rocky base upwards), to which he assigns in consequence the term of "Trojan;" a name which may conveniently be employed for the sake of brevity, without pledging ourselves to the theoretical conclusion which it involves.

Up to this point Dr. Schliemann had fallen in with no buildings of any considerable size or importance, except those in the first superficial stratum, which unquestionably belonged to the Hellenic times. But in continuing his researches at the level which he had now reached, he struck upon the remains of a wall of above 6 feet thick, which he conjectured to be a portion of the ancient city wall, and adjoining this he brought to light a massive tower or bulwark of solid stone work, not less than 40 feet in thickness and about 20 feet in height. From the summit of this remarkable construction, which, he declares in his enthusiasm, "it is worth a journey round the world to see,"\* the view ranges over the whole of the plain of Troy to the Hellespont beyond; and hence it was natural for even a less enthusiastic explorer than Dr. Schliemann to assume that he had here discovered "the great tower of Ilium" repeatedly mentioned in the *Iliad*, and that it was from the platform on its summit that Priam and Helen gazed on the marshalling of the Greek hosts in the plain below — one of the most striking and familiarly-known scenes in the whole poem.†

But this important discovery was only the prelude to others of still greater interest. By the side of this tower was found the pavement of a street — skilfully paved with broad flat slabs of stone — leading down with a steep inclination towards the plain below; and by following this clue he arrived, as he naturally expected, at one of the gates of the city, which was found to be a double gateway, as is the case in almost all ancient Greek cities, the two being separated by an interval of about 20 feet. Even the massive bolts of bronze by which the gates themselves had been attached were still remaining. Here, therefore, "beyond a question," were the far-famed Scæan gates, which afforded, as we gather from the *Iliad*, the only outlet in habitual use

\* P. 210.

† *Iliad*, book iii. v. 145, &c.

from the city to the plain below. Almost immediately adjoining these, within the citadel, were found the remains of an ancient building, having the arrangement and disposition of a house, but which, from its massive construction and elevated position on a foundation artificially raised for the purpose, Dr. Schliemann concludes to have been one of the principal buildings of Troy, "indeed no other than the house or palace of Priam himself." \* Considering how imperfectly the area of the supposed Pergamus — limited as it is in extent — had been as yet laid bare, it must be confessed that, to antiquarians less enthusiastic than Dr. Schliemann, the conclusion seems rather a hasty one, the more so as it is certainly at variance with the inference naturally to be drawn from the Iliad, which undoubtedly represents the palace of Priam as situated in a distant part of the city from the Scæan gates. But to this subject we must recur hereafter.

It was in following up his excavations in this direction, with a view to tracing further the line of the ancient wall of the citadel, that Dr. Schliemann unexpectedly stumbled upon the discovery which has naturally attracted the most attention to his researches. It was *on* the ancient wall itself, at a depth of between 8 and 9 mètres below the surface, and immediately adjoining the "house of Priam," that he came upon an object which proved to be a bronze shield, behind which he caught sight, as he conceived, of the glimmer of gold. Afraid of arousing the cupidity of his workmen, he dismissed them all to their breakfast, while he and his wife — to whose zealous aid and co-operation through his long-continued labours he bears the warmest testimony — proceeded to extract from the spot the marvellous assortment of objects in bronze, silver, and gold, which were found packed together in a very small space. The task was not an easy one, for immediately over this precious deposit was a bed four or five feet thick of red ashes and rubbish calcined by the action of fire into a mass as hard as stone; a circumstance that had already in many places obstructed the progress of their excavations. But, moreover, on this hard stratum as a foundation rested a wall 20 feet high and 6 feet thick, which had been raised at a later period, with a view to strengthening the fortifications of the citadel, fortunately without any suspicion of the treasure that lay concealed below.

\* P. 274.

Among the objects thus found together, those which are entitled to claim our chief attention are the following: — First came the bronze shield already noticed, which was of small size — only about 20 inches in diameter — with a raised boss, or *omphalos*, in the centre, and a furrow (*aulax*) running round it, beneath a raised rim. It therefore corresponds in general form and arrangement with the shields described in the Iliad, and with that of Achilles in particular; but it is wholly unadorned with sculpture or any kind of decoration. Next followed a cauldron of bronze, of no particular importance; another object of bronze, the nature of which it is not easy to divine, to which was attached — being, as it were, soldered to it by the action of heat — a silver vase of small size: then a bronze vase also of small dimensions; but these were followed by three goblets, or vessels, of solid gold: the first, which is much in the form of a bottle, weighing more than 13 ounces (Troy); the next, a small cup, or goblet, of ordinary form about 7 ounces in weight; and the third, which was the most important in the whole collection, exceeding 19 ounces in weight. This was remarkable also for its peculiar form, resembling a ship, or, perhaps we might rather say, a butter-boat, but with two strong handles at the sides, and both extremities prolonged into spouts adapted for pouring or drinking. Nothing similar to it is to be found, so far as we remember, in any European collection. Besides these objects in pure gold, there was another smaller goblet of *electrum*, as the mixture of gold with silver was called among the Greeks; and six large blades, or flattened ingots, of pure silver, besides which there were found three large silver vases, two smaller ones of the same metal, and a silver saucer or *patera*.

Together with these precious objects were found thirteen spear-heads in bronze, fourteen axe-heads, which Dr. Schliemann considers as having belonged to battle-axes, and seven large double-edged daggers of the same material, with a knife and the fragments of a sword. All these articles of bronze had suffered severely from the action of fire, the effects of which were also visible, though in a less degree, upon those of gold and silver. The whole mass was found closely packed together in a heap, so as to indicate that they had been originally packed in a chest, which had naturally perished in the conflagration. This was apparently confirmed by finding near this re-



markable deposit a bronze key of much more elaborate and complicated construction than one would have expected to find at so early an age.

But this was not all. It was found on examination that the largest of the silver vases contained within it — obviously hidden away for the purpose of concealment — a large number of female ornaments, all of pure gold; comprising two splendid golden head-dresses (to which Dr. Schliemann strangely gives the Homeric name of *κρίδεμνα*), a head-band for the brow, four elaborate golden earrings, with many others of an inferior description, besides an infinity of small objects in gold, such as rings, buttons, and studs, almost precisely such as are worn at the present day. In addition to these were six golden armlets and two small golden cups. So complete a *mundus muliebris* was assuredly never brought to light before by any excavation. Among these ornaments by far the most interesting are the head-dresses and head-band, which are elaborately made up of numbers of small chains, hanging down side by side, and wrought with great delicacy and skill, while they show somewhat more approach to real artistic feeling than can be observed in any of the other objects included in the treasure. In one case the chains are all fashioned like strings of small leaves. But it is remarkable that they *all* have attached to them as a pendant a peculiar object, of which it is difficult to define the character or conjecture the meaning, but in which Dr. Schliemann has no hesitation in finding small idols, representing, according to his views, the tutelary goddess of Ilion.

So remarkable a discovery was indeed sufficient to excite the enthusiasm of a much less ardent spirit than that of Dr. Schliemann; nor can we wonder that in the excitement of the moment he should have been led to exaggerate the *historical* importance of his *trouvaille* by attributing it without hesitation to the actual period of the Trojan War, and coupling it with the mythical, or semi-mythical, name of King Priam. He had already, as we have seen, assigned to that monarch, upon very slender grounds, the ownership of the house or palace *near* which, but *outside* of it, the treasure was discovered. Dr. Schliemann belongs, as he himself tells us, and as all readers of his former book must be well aware, to the most literal school of believers in Homer and the Trojan War. His recent researches have indeed considerably

shaken his faith in the topographical accuracy of the poet; but he evidently still clings closely to his historical authority, and appears to have no more doubt of the historical character of King Priam than of that of Ulysses, whose palace at Ithaca he had explored on a previous occasion, though unfortunately with little result.

If we cannot share his firm convictions in the conclusions at which he has arrived on this subject, as well as on many other collateral questions, we are very far from being disposed to underrate the value and importance of the objects which he has brought to light, still less that of the results of his long-continued and laborious researches in quest of the buried city of Troy. While the discovery of the so-called "treasure of Priam" has been calculated to attract the most attention on the part of the public, not only from its assumed connection with the famous monarch of Troy, but from the real rarity of any similar discovery of gold and silver objects belonging to a very remote period, we are by no means disposed to regard it as really the most important result of Dr. Schliemann's researches in its bearing either on art or history. Considered in itself, indeed, it would throw very little light upon either the one or the other; it is only by taking it in connection with the whole series of objects discovered in what is termed the Trojan era that we can hope to arrive at any sound conclusion respecting its real value and significance.

It is evident that there is nothing in the character of the objects themselves to fix the date of their accidental interment, or authorize their attribution to any particular era, still less to connect them with any individual personage. The intrinsic value is considerable, and may lead us to the conclusion that they belonged to some chief or person of note; but it is an absurd exaggeration to say (as Dr. Schliemann has been led to do in the pardonable excitement of his first enthusiasm) that it is one which might compete with those of many modern monarchs.\* There is nothing more remarkable, in the case of all half-civilized nations, whether in ancient or modern times, than the skill they display in working in gold or silver, as compared with their attainments in any other respect. And while the articles which compose "the treasure" display a considerable amount of technical skill in their manufacture, it

can hardly be said that they possess any trace of *art* in the higher sense of the word. In this respect there is little, if any, difference between them and the pottery or other articles of an ordinary description that are found in the same stratum, and may therefore be assigned on the same grounds to the so-called Trojan era.

The first impression, we should say, that any archaeologist would derive, concerning the objects in question, from an inspection of the photographs that accompany Dr. Schliemann's work, is their *non-Hellenic* character — their great dissimilarity from all those early works of Greek origin which are found in the museums of Europe. Perhaps this is most conspicuous in the pottery, the forms of which sometimes remind us of the uncouth and grotesque shapes of the black ware of Chiusi, which forms so peculiar a class among Etruscan pottery, but have very little affinity with those of the earliest Greek vases. Still more remarkable is the distinction between the two in the absence of painting. While the most ancient Greek pottery that has been discovered — whether at Athens, Corinth, or Camirus — is almost uniformly decorated with painting, of however rude and imperfect a style of art; and even the few small vases obtained by Dr. Schliemann himself at Ithaca, which he refers with confidence to the heroic age, and suggests that they might *possibly* have contained the ashes of Ulysses and Penelope themselves (!)\* were adorned with "very pretty" painted ornaments — it is certainly very remarkable that no trace of such a mode of decoration is found on the Trojan pottery. While he finds the finest terra-cotta vases in the lowest stratum of all, he considers those of the Trojan era as still of a quality worthy to be compared to the Etruscan earthenware; but they are uniformly of a plain black or red colour, with a shining surface upon which are frequently found ornaments, which have been scratched or engraved on the clay before it was baked, and which in the most elaborate examples have been carefully filled in with a white substance to render them more distinct. Such ornaments are, however, of a very rude and simple character, such as would be within the capacity of the most ordinary workman, in any age that possessed the mechanical skill to produce pottery of so finished a character.†

\* Ithaca, der Peloponnes und Troja, p. 31.

† Dr. Schliemann, indeed, speaks of these engraved

But there is one class of these vases which deserves a more particular mention, on account of the very startling conclusion which Dr. Schliemann has derived from them. He found in the "Trojan" stratum, as he had already done in those above it (though more sparingly), a number of vases, which he describes as "owl-headed," a term which would certainly be calculated strangely to mislead those of his readers who had not access to the photographs representing them. It is not, indeed, uncommon to find among Etruscan vases, especially those of Chiusi, some which are surmounted by human heads — a class commonly known as Canopi from their resemblance to Egyptian works of art of a similar character. And it would be natural to suppose — as we ourselves did before receiving the photographs — that these "owl-headed" vases were characterized in like manner by distinct and clearly marked heads representing the sacred bird of Minerva. This impression was confirmed by his continual mention of "idols" of various sizes, some in terra-cotta, some in marble, which he describes as human figures with the head of an owl. We believe that our readers will be as much surprised as we were ourselves when we saw what was the real character of the objects thus described. It is difficult to convey in writing any idea of what they are like. But they may be described as round-bellied vases, with a short neck, having just under the rim two large round spots in relief, bearing a rude resemblance to goggle eyes, while a ring in relief that runs round the neck of the vase is brought down in an angle between the two, so as to produce something like the effect of a beak. It is impossible to deny that the result is something that gives an impression of a face like an owl; but the resemblance is so rude and imperfect that Mr. Newton, who has seen the originals, entertains grave doubts whether they were meant to represent an owl at all, and may not rather have been derived from the first imperfect efforts to represent the human face. The evidence of the human form or figure is found in two large round spots which are considered to mean the female breasts, while a third, below the other two, and usually of larger size, is supposed to represent the navel. At the same time the pointed handles of the vase, one on

ornaments as exhibiting a high sense of art combined with finished execution. But this is one of the instances in which our author's enthusiasm has greatly outrun his judgment.

each side, have necessarily somewhat the appearance of erected wings, and are supposed to be intended to convey that impression. Any attempt to give indications of legs or lower extremities is naturally excluded in the case of vases; but it is equally absent in the idols, or small figures (if such a term may be applied to them) which are characterized by similar features, though often degenerating into a still ruder and more barbarous style, in which the attempt at representing the objects intended has passed into a mere conventional indication.\*

We are not aware that any thing similar to these grotesque objects has ever been discovered either in Greece or in any of the adjoining countries; and the most experienced archæologists may well hesitate before they pronounce an opinion as to what they were intended to represent. But Dr. Schliemann has no such hesitation. He not only pronounces at once that the visage is meant for that of an owl, but jumps to the conclusion that this *must* represent the tutelary goddess of Troy; that, therefore, this *must* be the form under which the Ilian Minerva was worshipped, and that when Homer speaks of the *γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη* he meant "the owl-faced Athena," and had reference to an owl-headed divinity, of which the rude and conventional works of art we have attempted to describe were calculated to recall the idea.† Nay, he even goes so far as to assert that one of the vessels of this kind is so fine "that one might venture to say it presented the actual portrait of the goddess with the owl-face."‡ But this is not all. So impressed was he with this discovery that he follows it up at once with this "additional conclusion" — that the worship of Minerva under this form as the tutelary goddess of Troy was well known to Homer; "that therefore a Troy really existed, and that it was situated on the sacred site the depths of which he was then exploring" (p. 66).

It is perhaps fortunate that this rapid and hasty ratiocination led Dr. Schliemann to such confident conclusions, even before he had confirmed the result by the discovery of any of the most important

remains, as it doubtless stimulated his zeal in the prosecution of his farther researches. But we hardly think that he will find many readers to concur in this line of argument. To prove the identity of the Homeric Ilium by assuming a connection between certain anomalous works of art discovered on the site, and the familiar epithet of Athena in Homer — an epithet which has been understood in a wholly different sense by all critics in all ages — is a process of logic which will scarcely carry conviction to the ordinary mind. It is indeed precisely reversing the natural order of reasoning. Were it clearly established that we had found the true site of Troy, and that the Ilian Athena was worshipped there under a form so utterly foreign to all Hellenic ideas as that of a goddess with an owl's head, it might be contended, with some show of plausibility, that some trace of this primitive worship was preserved long after its origin was forgotten, and that Homer applied the epithet *γλαυκῶπις* to the Athena of his own mythology without any idea of its original signification. It cannot be denied that *γλαυκῶπις* may have originally meant "owl-eyed," just as *βοῶπις*, "ox-eyed," is the customary epithet of Juno, though we find the same term applied also in the Iliad to other females of mere mortal birth. But no one in his senses, we should think, would contend that Homer applied either the one epithet or the other with the idea that Athena wore the head of an owl, or Hera that of a cow. But nothing daunted by this argument, Dr. Schliemann seriously asserts his belief that the Hellenic Hera was originally worshipped under this form, and expresses his firm conviction that if he is able to prosecute excavations at Mycenæ they will bring to light images of the cow-headed Juno analogous to those of the owl-headed Athena at Ilium. To such an argument there is no reply: to discuss beforehand the results of what a man *expects to find* would require a gift of prophecy to which we at least make no pretensions.

In another instance, also, Dr. Schliemann derives a confirmation of the same conclusion from a very similar process of reasoning, on equally uncertain foundations. Among the objects discovered in the "treasure" was, as has been already mentioned, a golden vase of very peculiar form, adapted apparently for drinking at either end. This he instantly determines to be no other than the *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον* of Homer, a term which he himself had

\* The very rudest of these symbolical representations are to be found in the small objects attached as pendants to the golden necklace forming part of the "treasure." These are unhesitatingly described by Dr. Schliemann as "idols of the tutelary goddess of Ilium;" but it certainly requires eyes sharpened by no ordinary amount of archæological enthusiasm to discern in them anything of the kind.

† P. 65.

‡ P. 147.

previously applied to terra-cotta vases of a totally different form, but which he now recognizes without a doubt in the singular goblet which he has had the good fortune to discover among the very treasures of King Priam himself.\* It is true that commentators and scholars have generally understood the term in a wholly different sense, and that it is clear from a passage of Aristotle that this was the meaning of it in his day.† Yet it may be admitted that the signification of the word has always been regarded as doubtful, and Dr. Schliemann is fairly entitled to argue that it *may* have been intended to designate such a goblet as the one in question. But his argument resolves itself into this. This peculiar vase is the *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον*, because I have found it in the ruins of Troy; and the ruins in which I have found it are those of Troy, because I have found there the true *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον*.

It may be observed that in this instance, as in many others, Dr. Schliemann argues from Greek customs to Trojan, or rather assumes without argument that the habits of life and works of art of the two nations were so similar that no distinction need be made between them. And it is true that this is the case with regard to the Homeric conception of the two. While Homer repeatedly draws attention to the distinctive moral qualities of the two nationalities—as in the celebrated passage where he describes the characteristics of the two armies as they were closing for battle‡—there is nothing to lead us to infer that he supposed any material difference in the civilization of the two, such as would be observed by modern inquirers. Such an idea was wholly foreign to the mind of the poet, as it would be to those of his hearers. He no more troubled himself about differences of manners and customs between the Greeks and Trojans than he did about the difference of language. Did it occur to any of the listeners to Homer or the Rhapsodists to inquire how Hector and Achilles could understand one another? As little would they ask whether their arms or their ornaments, their helmets or their drinking cups, were precisely similar. But the case is wholly different when we are considering the bearing of such a *trouvaille* as that of Dr. Schliemann upon the historical questions connected with it. We

have already observed that the first impression conveyed by the plates to his work, is the *non-Hellenic* character of the objects there represented, and we are glad to find this judgment confirmed by the high authority of Mr. Charles Newton, who had the advantage of inspecting the originals. The next question that forces itself upon the attention is this: are they *pre-Hellenic*? that is to say, are the differences which they present from all well-known productions of Greek art such as to imply a much earlier period, and a previous phase of civilization? or are they such differences as might naturally be expected to exist between the two nations living at the same period on the opposite side of the *Ægæan*, and of different, though perhaps kindred, races?

The answer to this question, and to others connected with it, will doubtless engage the attention of archæologists for some time to come, and will give rise to much difference of opinion. Nor do we believe that it will receive a satisfactory solution until excavations of a similar kind to those of Dr. Schliemann have been made upon many other ancient sites, and till we thus obtain a much broader basis of induction than we now possess concerning the pre-historic development of art in Greece and the surrounding countries. We cannot attempt here to enter into this discussion. But we may venture to make one remark in reference to it. Though we do not possess any objects of the class we are now discussing that can be assigned with any certainty to the heroic times of Greece, there remain to us architectural monuments of those ages, in the gigantic walls and gateways of Mycenæ and Tiryns, and the so-called "treasuries" of Mycenæ and Orchomenus, which are generally referred by antiquarians to the same legendary period as the Trojan War. Now, in all these cases it is certainly a fact worthy of remark that the architectural, or sculptured, ornaments with which they are decorated—wherever any such are found—are wholly dissimilar in character from those that prevailed in Hellenic times. There is nothing in the sculptured figures on the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ, or in the friezes or ornamented door-posts of the supposed Treasury of Atreus, that has any resemblance to the Greek art that we find in later, but still very early times. As Mr. Clark well observes, "Hellenic architecture has no resemblance to, and cannot be a development of, that of ancient

\* P. 292.

† Aristotle, "Hist. Animal." book ix. c. 40, § 163.

‡ Iliad, book iii. v. 1-9.



Mycenæ.\* To judge from this analogy, if we were to find works of art, and objects in ordinary use, at Mycenæ, as we have found them on the supposed site of Troy, we might reasonably expect them to be as dissimilar from those to which we are accustomed as productions of Greek art—in one word, as *un-Hellenic*—as those discovered by Dr. Schliemann. The earliest extant Greek vases, or bas-reliefs, can hardly be ascribed to a period earlier than about 700 B.C., while none of those who contend for the historical reality of the Trojan War would place it less than about 1200 years B.C.—the received date of the Greek chronologers; and most would agree in assigning it to a still earlier period. There is, therefore, a gap of at least five centuries between the earliest specimens of Hellenic art and the extant remains of what may be called “the heroic ages,” to which, if Dr. Schliemann’s theory be correct, the curious relics discovered by him at Hissarlik must be referred. This interval would appear amply sufficient to account for almost any amount of diversity, without assuming any national difference of race or origin.

If we pass from the consideration of the minor objects, discovered by Dr. Schliemann, to that of the architectural monuments which he has brought to light, which prove incontestably the existence of a city or fortress on the site of his labours in very ancient times, we are here struck at once by one leading difference between these and the celebrated remains of the Cyclopean cities of Mycenæ and Tiryns, with which he supposes them to be coëval. He began his labours (as we have seen) with the full conviction that he should eventually arrive at edifices of a similar character to the colossal monuments of the Argolid, and that the famous walls of Troy, supposed in the fabulous legend to have been erected by the “earth-shaking” Neptune and Apollo, could not be of less massive construction than those attributed by a similar legend to the giant arms of the Cyclopes.† Unfortunately, his expectations in this respect were doomed to disappointment. Though the walls that he has discovered—part of which unquestionably formed the encircling wall of the citadel—and still more, what he calls “the great tower of Ilium,” are of massive construction, so far as their

thickness and solidity are concerned, they have no resemblance to Cyclopean structures and instead of being built of gigantic masses of stone, piled upon one another without cement, they are all composed of stones of moderate size, with the interstices filled with clay. That such a mode of building may be—as he now contends—one of the most ancient of all, we are not prepared to dispute, for it is about the simplest that can be conceived. And his not finding Cyclopean structures in the Troad, is to our mind, sufficiently accounted for by the geological nature of the country, the soft tertiary limestone of the hill of Hissarlik being wholly unsuited to the purpose. Neither in Greece nor in Italy is the so-called Cyclopean or polygonal style of construction ever found, except where the hard Apennine limestone that forms the framework of both countries supplied the material close at hand. We are therefore disposed to agree with Dr. Schliemann, that there is nothing in this diversity of structure to prevent our assigning the remains of the presumed Pergamus of Troy to as ancient a period as the more imposing ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns.

In another respect, the confident convictions with which Dr. Schliemann entered on his researches were destined to receive a still ruder shock. Fully persuaded of the trustworthy guidance of Homer—even in matters belonging rather to the statistician than the poet—he felt certain that Troy must have been a city containing not less than fifty thousand inhabitants; and on this ground alone, as we have seen, unhesitatingly rejected its supposed site on the hill above Bunarbashi. It was, therefore, with a feeling of regret and almost of humiliation that he found himself compelled by the stern logic of facts, to admit that Troy was after all but a very small city, and that instead of extending, as he had supposed, over the whole plateau subsequently occupied by the historical Ilium, it did not really comprise more than what he had at first regarded as the Acropolis.

The Pergamus of Priam was Troy. No signs could be found of the ancient city having ever extended beyond its narrow limits. It was in vain that Dr. Schliemann with most praiseworthy zeal sank shafts in numerous places on the surface of the plateau, beginning immediately outside of the citadel. The result was in all cases the same. For the depth of a few feet he found Greek pottery and other Greek remains, belonging without

\* Clark’s Peloponnesus, p. 80.

† Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja, p. 170.

doubt to the Greek colony, or the historical Ilium; and below this he came at once to the native rock, without any signs of earlier habitation, or of a stratum of more ancient remains.

The conclusion was unavoidable. The same evidence that negated the existence of any real *ancient* city on the heights of the Bali Dagb, or the hillock of Aktschi-köi,\* was conclusive against Troy having ever occupied the broad level space over which the Græco-Roman city of Ilium expanded itself in later times. Startling as the conclusion may at first appear, that the city of Priam, of which every reader of Homer has formed to himself such a magnificent conception, was limited to a space not much larger than Trafalgar Square, it is entirely in accordance with all we know from other sources of the "cities" of the heroic ages. The space enclosed within the massive walls of Tiryns is not more than about 250 yards in length by less than a hundred in breadth, and here the natural limits of the hill exclude the supposition that the circuit was ever more extensive. The citadel of Mycenæ again was much about the same size, and though Colonel Leake and other writers suppose this to have been merely the acropolis, and that the city extended itself along the rocky ridge below, there is certainly no evidence to support this, and we entirely agree with Mr. Clark that the wall now remaining, the circuit of which is entire around the whole hill of the supposed citadel, was the only one by which the city was ever surrounded.† We know that Mycenæ was an insignificant little town in the time of Thucydides;‡ and the historian expressly warns his readers against doubting on that account of the magnitude of the Greek armanent against Troy, in terms that might very well have been applied to Troy itself, if he had known the facts of the case. Most modern scholars would be apt to reverse the argument of the Greek historian, and infer the exaggeration of the poet, instead of the inadequate evidence of the remains. But there was doubtless much truth in the remark of Thucydides. As Mr. Clark has well pointed out, these ancient fortresses were more akin to feudal castles than to the fortified cities of later ages.

They contained the sanctuaries at which the people met to worship; the Agora, in which they met to debate; the market, where they exchanged the produce of their farms, and the palace of their chief, who ruled as a feudal lord over many minor and dependent chieftains. But the population was either scattered over the country, or huddled together in huts, probably either of wattles or mud, which could be abandoned without hesitation in the event of a hostile raid, while the inhabitants went to swell the garrison of the fortress on the hill above.

But if the evidence of the remains brought to light by Dr. Schliemann is thus conclusive as to the diminutive size of the far-famed city of Troy, what becomes of the evidence of the Iliad? It is impossible to doubt that the author of that poem had present to his mind's eye, and wished to convey to those of his hearers the picture of a noble city, with broad streets, standing on a lofty elevation, and crowned by the citadel of Pergamus, in which were the palaces of Priam and his sons, and from whence the whole city had to be traversed in descending to the Scæan Gate, which offered the principal outlet to the plain below. All this is in accordance with the view that Dr. Schliemann had formed to himself of the city that he expected to find on the hill of Hissarlik; and it was not till a late period of his researches that he abandoned the hope of verifying by his discoveries the topographical accuracy of the Iliad. Even as late as May, 1873, he still dates his letters from the "Pergamus of Troy," and it was not till after that date that he found himself compelled to acquiesce in the conclusion that the city had no acropolis, and that the Pergamus was a sheer invention of Homer's fancy.\* The conviction was thus forced upon him, which has been too often lost sight of throughout this Trojan controversy—that Homer was a poet and not a historian, and that it is natural he should exaggerate everything with the freedom of a poet. At the same time he congratulates himself on having proved that Troy, however inferior to what it was conceived to be, had a real existence, and that the events related in the Iliad rest upon a substantial basis of fact.†

We need hardly remark that these claims of Dr. Schliemann will not be admitted without much controversy by

\* During the course of his more serious labours on the hill of Hissarlik, Dr. Schliemann himself instituted excavations at Aktschi-köi, but the result was purely negative.

† Clark's Peloponnesus, p. 74.

‡ Thucyd. lib. i. c. 10.

\* Einleitung, p. xii.

† P. 305.



modern scholars. There will doubtless be still found some among the disciples of the purely mythological school, who will refuse to believe in any connection between a definite, material mass of ruins, and the legendary city of the Homeric poems; while some perhaps of those who admit the real existence of the Homeric Troy, have become so accustomed to the modern theory, which placed it on the hill above Bunarbashi, that they will refuse to accept the rival claims of the far less imposing site of Hissarlik, notwithstanding the negative evidence of excavations in the one case and their positive result in the other. For our own part we may express our conviction that the researches of Dr. Schliemann have conclusively established the first of his two propositions, and confirmed the conclusion of Mr. Grote that the Ilium of historic times occupied the same site with the Ilium of the Homeric poems — with the city around which had gathered from a still earlier period that bewildering mass of legend and mythology which had finished by utterly obscuring whatever trace of historical tradition was originally enveloped in it. We confess that we could never see any reason for doubting the existence, in this as in many similar cases, of such an underlying stratum of fact, however impossible it may be at the present day to extricate it from the overlying mass of rubbish. If the gigantic monuments of Mycenæ and Tiryns were still extant to bear testimony to the origin of their ancient fame, there was surely nothing improbable in the supposition that the ruins of Troy might also survive, and that if they did not stand out in prominent relief like those of the rival city of Agamemnon, they might still be brought to light by patient investigation beneath the surface.

The result of Dr. Schliemann's labours have in this respect greatly exceeded our expectations. No one certainly could imagine that the mass of *débris* accumulated on the hill of Hissarlik was of such enormous thickness and extent, and that there lay buried beneath them, not merely the foundations of ancient buildings or architectural fragments, such as are to be found on most ancient sites, but massive structures of great size and solidity such as those termed by Dr. Schliemann the Scæan Gates and the Great Tower of Troy. Another fact of great interest which he has brought to light is one to which we have only incidentally adverted, that a considerable part of what he con-

siders as the "Trojan" stratum was covered by a hard compact bed, which proved to be composed of calcined rubbish and ashes, hardened by the action of fire into a mass as compact and solid as stone. This evidence, that the comparative civilization of the Trojan era was terminated, while its memorials were fortunately imbedded, by the destruction of the city by fire, certainly affords a strong corroboration of the supposition that the remains thus preserved are really those of the traditionary Ilium.

But beyond this point we cannot go with Dr. Schliemann. We cannot see that the discovery of the buried remains of Troy proves the historical truth of the Trojan War, any more than the extant ruins of Mycenæ prove the historical character of the Pelopid dynasty, or the fact that Agamemnon was the leader of the Greek armament and "ruled over many islands and all Argos." The mighty walls of Tiryns, which were already noted in the time of Homer, and attracted the wonder of Pausanias at a later period, are still standing to justify the admiration of the Greek antiquary, but does this add anything to our belief in the tales of Prætus and Acrisius, of Danaë and Perseus, or the legendary labours of the "Tirynthian hero" Hercules? The discovery of the so-called "Treasure of Priam" is an archæological event of the greatest interest, but we cannot say that it adds one iota to our conviction that such a king as Priam ever existed. We no more believe that he ever drank from the golden *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον*, which is now preserved in Dr. Schliemann's collection, than that he was slain by Neoptolemus on the very altar of Zeus Herkeios on which Alexander offered sacrifice to his spirit,\* little deeming that the Ilium of which Homer had sung lay buried fathoms deep beneath his feet. King Priam may, for anything we know to the contrary, be as absolutely fabulous a personage as King Lear. Neither of them was the creation of the poet's fancy, and Shakespeare believed in the history of the British monarch as firmly as Homer and his audience in that of the Trojan king. To attempt to connect such relics as those discovered by Dr. Schliemann with any of the personages that figure in the Trojan history — in the legendary and poetical form in which alone it is preserved to us — appears to us as idle as it would be to as-

\* Arrian, "Anabasis," lib. i. c. ii.

sume that any similar relics casually found on the site of the so-called Palace of Ulysses at Ithaca must have belonged to the wily monarch himself or to the faithful Penelope.

We very much regret that Dr. Schliemann should have mixed up the record of his valuable labours and his highly interesting discoveries with such random suggestions and untenable theories. The vast majority of the world will refuse to accept his hasty assumptions concerning the "Treasure of Priam" or the "owl-headed Athena," and the prominence he has given to these speculative ideas cannot but tend to throw a shade of doubt and scepticism over the more important facts that he has really brought to light. His laborious excavations have clearly established the fact that the little hill of Hissarlik — "the fortress" as its modern Turkish name signifies — was inhabited at a period of remote antiquity by a people sufficiently civilized to possess, and in all probability to fabricate, objects of gold, silver, and bronze, showing considerable skill in their manufacture, as well as pottery of a highly finished description; while they were able to construct fortifications and edifices of a character, which if they do not possess the imposing massiveness of the earliest architectural remains in Greece, are not the less calculated to convey the impression of a people sufficiently far advanced in civilization to build with a view to grandeur of effect as well as to permanent solidity of construction. There is nothing to determine, even within the widest limits of approximation, the period to which these remains belong, any more than there is really the slightest clue to the chronological determination of the Trojan War. If therefore we attempt to combine the two, and to assign the name of Troy to the buried city that has been thus unexpectedly brought to light, we must admit that the assumption is not one that carries with it necessary conviction, nor even the amount of *à priori* probability which attaches to cases like Mycenæ and Tiryns, where there is every reason to believe in an unbroken tradition from the earliest ages. But if there was — as we believe there was — an immemorial tradition, long anterior to the Homeric poems, which attached the legends connected with Troy and its destruction by the Greeks to the little district on the shores of the Hellespont, which bore in all later ages the name of the Troad, it seems but natural to conclude that the city which is thus

found to have existed there, during a period of civilization apparently very analogous to what we believe to have subsisted in the heroic ages, was really the capital of the surrounding district, to which the concurrent voice of legendary tradition assigned the two names of Ilium and Troy. And we have already remarked that the circumstance brought to light by Dr. Schliemann of the destruction of this ancient city by fire, adds much to the probability that it really represents that far-famed city which owed its worldwide celebrity to a similar catastrophe.

We are not disposed to attach much importance to the identification proposed by Dr. Schliemann, of certain parts of the ruins of the Scæan Gates with the Great Tower of Ilium. It is evident that if we accept the conclusion that the ancient city was limited to the very small space indicated by its existing remains, we must reject altogether the Homeric topography, and admit the picture of the city, such as it is drawn in the Iliad, to be the mere creation of the poet's fancy. Moreover, as Dr. Schliemann himself remarks, it results clearly from his researches that if Homer wrote — as almost all scholars would agree — centuries after the Trojan War, he could have had no information concerning the ancient city of Priam, except from tradition. The proud palaces of Troy, if they ever existed, had long ceased to exist, and the ancient walls, the Great Tower, and the Scæan Gates, had been long buried under accumulated heaps of rubbish, piled up on the cinders and ashes of the first great conflagration, before the glories and the fate of Troy were celebrated in the immortal poems that perpetuated their memory for ever. Whence, then, did Homer derive the names? Evidently from the tradition preserved by earlier bards, and the ruder compositions of the ages when the memory of Troy was still fresh in the minds of men. Whatever opinion we may form of the actual composition of the Iliad — whether we assign it to one author or to several — it is clear that it must have been preceded by numbers of popular ballads, which had rendered the names of the localities connected with the legend as familiar to the public as to the poet himself. We certainly do not agree with Dr. Schliemann that Homer himself *invented* the name of Pergamus, any more than he invented that of Troy; and we believe that he adopted all these names from his predecessors, without troubling himself about the topographical

correctness of his picture, any more than the English school-boy does who reads the *Iliad* for the first time.

But (if we cannot admit that these indications are so clear as to furnish much additional force to the identification of the city with Troy), neither do we see any reason for rejecting them altogether. Supposing that they really formed part of the Homeric city, it is clear that the double gate, which has been discovered by Dr. Schliemann, must have formed the principal outlet to the plain below, just as the Scæan Gates are represented as doing in the *Iliad*; and the massive bulwark adjoining them, though it is rather like a rampart than a tower, must certainly have formed one of the principal works of the fortifications, while from its position it commanded such an extensive view over the plain as would lead to its being chosen as the obvious point from which to gaze on the combatants below. Both these local features would thus from the earliest period obtain a prominent place in all descriptions of the city, and of the battles beneath its walls. They assumed such a place in the *Iliad*, because they had already figured in the productions of earlier poets, and were familiar to the mind of Homer, as well as to his audience, and their names would be handed down by tradition whether or not their massive ruins still towered over the Trojan plain.

If we are thus compelled to surrender all faith in the accuracy of the Homeric picture of "the sacred Ilium," what are we to think of his authority in regard to the surrounding localities? The two cases are not indeed similar; for the natural features of the Trojan plain must always have remained substantially unchanged, and there are abundant proofs that the poet, at whatever period he wrote, was well acquainted with the scenery of the Troad and the adjoining Hellespont. But it is impossible to deny that all future inquiries into the topography of the plain of Troy will require to be materially modified, and must start to a great extent from a new point of view. And this, not merely because the arguments in favour of the Hissarlik site have received a strong—in our opinion a conclusive—confirmation from the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann, but because these researches have shown the entire fallacy in the line of argument adopted by those who cling to the literal interpretation of every passage in the *Iliad*, as if Homer wrote with the minute local ac-

curacy of a newspaper correspondent describing the siege of Paris. As Mr. Grote remarked long ago: "The mistake consists in applying to Homer and to the Homeric siege of Troy criticisms which would be perfectly just if brought to bear on the Athenian siege of Syracuse as described by Thucydides."\*

The principal objection that has been made in all ages to the reputed site of Ilium, was that it lay too near the sea, and the space between the hill on which it stood and the shore of the Hellespont was too limited to allow for the movements of such great armies as those of the Greeks and Trojans. But this argument evidently rests upon the assumption that we are to accept the details furnished by Homer concerning the Greek armament as literally true: a mode of reasoning intelligible enough in the case of Thucydides or Demetrius of Scepsis, but wholly inapplicable in an age of critical scholarship. Dr. Schliemann, indeed, as we have seen, went to the Troad in the full faith that all such statements were to be received as thoroughly trustworthy—and that the army under the command of Agamemnon really mustered a hundred thousand men! But if Troy is to dwindle from the dimensions of a mighty city, with 50,000 inhabitants, to the little fortress on the hill of Hissarlik, we are afraid that the vast host of Agamemnon will melt away with equal rapidity before the breath of historical criticism. The poet who could represent the whole of this great armament—the fleet and camp together—as surrounded by a lofty wall with towers and a deep ditch—the whole constructed within a single day—is surely not amenable to the same laws of military possibility that we should apply to Xenophon or Polybius.†

A still more glaring instance of the same tendency is to be found in the discussions concerning the pursuit of Hector three times round the walls of Troy. Such a description undoubtedly suggests

\* Grote's "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 450.

† The most amusing instance of the spirit of *literal* criticism is to be found in a book published at Paris, in 1867, by a M. Nicolaidès, a Greek of the island of Crete, entitled "Topographie et Plan stratégique de l'Iliade," in which the author discusses all the military details of the poem with the same confidence in their accuracy as if he were investigating the operations of Cæsar before Dyrrhachium or Thapsus as related in his Commentaries. He bestows especial pains upon the study of the Greek camp, and the arrangement of their forces within it: of which he gives an elaborate plan, that may remind some of our readers of the plans of the interior of Noah's Ark to be found in some of the older Dictionaries of the Bible.

the idea of a city built on a hill, but rising out of a surrounding plain; and such we believe is the picture that presents itself to the mind of every reader who has not troubled himself with topographical investigations. But such a picture is wholly inapplicable to either of the sites that dispute the claim to have been that of Troy. It may, or may not, be physically possible to perform such a circuit round the hill of Hissarlik, or that above Bunarbashi — enthusiastic believers maintain in each case that it is so — but it is certain that the ground is not such as to suggest, or in the judgment of unprejudiced observers to correspond with any such idea. But are we seriously expected to accept the details of the death of Hector as historically accurate, or to inquire whether any mere mortal could follow in the track of the two godlike heroes? Even Aristotle himself selected this very episode as an instance where the poet might without censure exceed the limits of possibility;\* but unfortunately his sound judgment has been ignored by most of the modern critics, as it was by Demetrius of Scepsis, who made this very difficulty one of his principal grounds for departing from the received tradition. It is not by such discussions as these that we shall ever make any progress towards understanding the ancient topography of the Troad, any more than they will assist us in estimating aright the true character of the *Iliad*.

In the preceding remarks we have directed our attention chiefly to the historical and topographical questions connected with Dr. Schliemann's researches. As we have already intimated, it will require a considerable time before their archaeological results can be fully estimated. And it would be almost impossible for us to convey to our readers any distinct ideas on the subject without the aid of figures, or without continual reference to the somewhat cumbersome body of photographic plates accompanying his work, which we cannot assume to be at the command of the greater part of our readers. We shall confine ourselves therefore to a very brief notice of some of the leading topics suggested by the examination of the wonderful series of ancient objects discovered in the course of his excavations. Their number is indeed marvellous. The objects of various kinds that are figured in his *Atlas* amount

to not less than three thousand six hundred, and these are selected out of at least twenty thousand more, all of which have been carefully preserved and registered. Such a record is especially valuable as stating precisely the depth below the surface at which every object was found, and consequently the stratum to which it belongs.

Out of so vast a mass of materials, unquestionably the most important of all, had their evidence been more definite, would be the Inscriptions, some fragments of which have been discovered under circumstances that certainly lead to the inference that they belonged to the Trojan era. Unfortunately, as Professor Max Müller observes, they are most disappointing.

"One inscription on a terra-cotta vase (according to the same high authority) is no inscription at all, but rude ornamentation, consisting of simple crosses, and crosses surrounded by a line, the former reminding one at first of a Phœnician *t*, the other of a *th*. Another inscription, consisting of six or seven letters, arranged in a circle, contains certainly Semitic letters, but they belong to no definite series:" while the most important inscription, which is found on a bone, or piece of red slate, discovered in the Palace of Priam, contains "among the eight or ten signs of which it consists some decidedly Phœnician letters in their earliest form." Another, which is inscribed on a seal or signet of terra-cotta, found seven metres beneath the surface, the learned professor "feels strongly tempted to read *Ἰλιον* or *Εἰλιον*, if only there was any precedent for the arrangement of the letters, and particularly for the horizontal position of the *Vau*."\*

We need hardly add that these conclusions, or rather conjectures, of Professor Max Müller have not met with general acquiescence among the learned: and these few fragmentary Inscriptions, of a few letters each, have been already the subject of considerable discussion and controversy. Thus, the one pronounced by the Oxford Professor to be no inscription at all, is maintained by M. Emile Burnouf to be "perfectly legible — in Chinese!!!"† a fact which, *if we could believe it*, would certainly open a curiously new page in the history of Troy. But

\* Max Müller in the "Academy," No. 88 (Jan. 10, 1874).

\* Aristotle, "De Poetica," c. 25. We are indebted to Mr. Tozer for pointing out this instance of the great philosopher's sound spirit of criticism.

† Schliemann, "Einleitung," p. 11. The same conclusion is published by M. Burnouf himself in the "Revue Archéologique" for February 1874.



we fear we must be content to admit, that there is no hope of any real light being thrown upon the subject from this source. It is very improbable that these few ill-shaped letters, scratched at random upon scraps of stone and pottery, will ever be deciphered and translated in a satisfactory manner; but it is still more improbable that, if deciphered, they will be found to contain anything of value or interest. The only point of importance that appears to result from these tantalizing relics, is the evidence that some kind of alphabetical writing was in use in this part of Asia Minor at so early a period as is indicated by the circumstances of their discovery, and the other remains by which they are accompanied.

Another class of objects which deserves a passing remark is one that was found in extraordinary numbers in every stage of the excavations, beginning from the lowest and ranging up, through every stratum of *débris*, even into that of the Hellenic period. These are the curious articles known to Italian archæologists by the name of *fusaiole*, but which are usually distinguished by Dr. Schliemann as *carrousels*, a name of the origin of which we must confess our ignorance. They are small objects of terra-cotta, most frequently of a conical form, at others in the shape of a double cone, while many of them are much flattened, till they gradually pass into a form resembling that of a wheel. All alike are perforated with a round hole through the middle, and from this circumstance, combined with their form being always adapted to a rotatory motion, they have generally been regarded as intended for weights to be used in spinning. This explanation is rejected by Dr. Schliemann, on the ground that among the hundreds of them which he had brought to light and examined he never could find any trace of their being worn by use. He therefore comes to the conclusion that they were *ex voto* offerings: a suggestion which appears highly improbable, considering the vast numbers in which they are found,\* and the wholly irregular manner in which they are scattered through the mass of accumulated rubbish. But he finds a strong confirmation of this view in the manner in which a consider-

able number of these petty objects are decorated with marks of various kinds, circles, crosses, stars, and irregular lines scratched upon their surface. By far the greater number of these — of which he has figured several hundred varieties in his photographic plates — have to an unsophisticated eye the appearance merely of rude ornamentation. But Dr. Schliemann finds in them generally some mystical or symbolical meaning, which convinces him of their having had a religious character. A few of them certainly bear what look like isolated Phœnician characters, while others present apparently rude attempts at representing, or rather indicating, figures of men and animals, but attempts of so very rude and primitive a kind that those which have been found in the bone-caves of France are finished works of art in comparison with them. In one instance Dr. Schliemann found himself compelled to acknowledge that he had taken one of these attempts at a human figure for a Phœnician letter! We must leave it to archæologists less enthusiastic than Dr. Schliemann, and to a more extensive comparison with similar remains found on other sites, to determine whether there is any foundation for the symbolical interpretation of these engraved marks; but we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that the greater part of those figured in his plates have no meaning of any kind, and are nothing but specimens of simple ornamentation.

But unquestionably one of the most important results of Dr. Schliemann's researches remains still to be noticed. This is the very unexpected number of implements of stone and other objects of what is commonly called "the Stone Age," that were brought to light in the course of his excavations. All our readers are doubtless well aware that recent inquirers into the primitive history of mankind have been accustomed to divide the prehistoric period into three great intervals of time, characterized by the materials which they employed for their arms, tools, and other implements, and termed in consequence the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age. This classification was at first established by the Scandinavian antiquaries in Denmark, and was from thence extended by what has always appeared to us a hasty generalization, to the rest of Europe. Recent researches have indeed thrown considerable doubt upon the value of the distinctions thus assumed, and Mr.

\* Whatever was the purpose and use to which they were applied, the number of them found is certainly astonishing. At one period Dr. Schliemann collected, in the course of eleven days, 991 of these curious objects, of which 581 were adorned with "symbolical" marks. (P. 263.)

Fergusson has in several of his writings shown incontestably that they cannot continue to be received without great modification. Yet many of the modern school of archæologists cling to them with a tenacity that will not be easily shaken. We have seen that Dr. Schliemann himself at one time supposed that he had got down "into the midst of the Stone Age," and was consequently working among the relics of a period "several thousand years anterior to the Trojan War."\* And there is no doubt that any archæologist fresh from researches among the barrows and tumuli of England or Germany would have arrived at the same conclusion.

In this respect, therefore, the results ultimately attained were as unexpected as they were decisive. While he found (as has been already stated) an enormous mass of stone implements of all kinds at a comparatively small depth below the surface, he found below these, at a considerably greater depth, arms and implements of bronze in almost equal abundance, associated with the elaborate works in gold and silver, which have been so often referred to, as well as with finely wrought pottery, and accompanied with small objects in ivory and ebony, affording proof of undoubted commercial relation with distant countries. Whatever may be thought of the identification of the people to whom these relics belonged with the Trojans of the heroic legend, there can be no doubt that they were a people in a comparatively advanced stage of civilization — immensely superior to the population which at a long subsequent period occupied the same site and left its relics in the shape of stone axes, flint knives, bone combs, and other similar objects. In this case we possess, what is wanting in almost all others, distinct evidence of chronological sequence, proved by the superposition of strata containing the respective classes of objects, precisely of the same character as that which has formed the basis of all geological classification. At the same time the vast quantities of these remains that have been brought to light afford a basis of induction far different from what can be obtained by the examination of detached *tumuli* or graves, or from any amount of objects accidentally scattered in different localities.

The conclusion appears inevitable, that whatever value may continue to be at-

tached to the distinction of the three ages of Pre-historic Man, in treating of countries like Scandinavia or Germany, they must be altogether cast aside when we have to deal with countries such as Greece and Asia Minor, where there existed a very ancient civilization, closely surrounded by barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes. And if we discard altogether the assumption that the use of stone implements indicates a very remote antiquity, it is worthy of remark that the results of Dr. Schliemann's researches correspond extremely well with what we know from historical sources. It must be admitted that there was no history — in the strict sense of the term — of those regions before the settlement of the Greek colony: and even the date of that is very imperfectly known; but the historical traditions collected by Demetrius of Scepsis, which there seems no reason to reject, pointed to the population of the Troad having undergone great changes, and to the country having been occupied in succession by different nations of barbarians, most, if not all of them of Thracian origin.\* Its immediate proximity to the Hellespont — the highway of nations in all ages between Europe and Asia — lends great additional probability to this statement. Now, all we learn of the Thracians in historical times shows them to have been a rude and barbarous people, whose manners and customs presented a striking contrast to the arts and civilization of the neighbouring Hellenes. It was among the Thracians that there were still found in the days of Herodotus a people dwelling in huts built upon piles, in a lake, precisely in the same manner as the lake-dwellings, of which the remains in Switzerland have attracted of late years so much attention.† Yet these primitive lake-people were found within less than fifty miles of flourishing Greek colonies, possessing all the refinements in art and literature which the Greek settlers never failed to carry with them. Can we wonder if their ancestors, three or four centuries before, were still in the Stone Age? — that is to say, backward enough in civilization to be still content with the same rude implements that had served their forefathers from the earliest ages, though not altogether ignorant of the use of metals, the knowledge of which they could hardly fail to obtain from the neighbouring Greek colonies.

\* P. 23.

\* Strabo, lib. xiii. c. 1. § 3.

† Herodotus, lib. v. c. 16.



But this is not all. While stone implements are found in this overwhelming preponderance, in one of the uppermost strata of the series, they are so far from being characteristic of the peculiar phase of civilization which it represents, that they are still found in considerable numbers in all those below it, down quite to the fundamental rock. Knives and saws of flint, and sometimes of volcanic glass (obsidian), hammers and mallets of stone, and well polished axe heads of diorite, continued to be found throughout the "Trojan" period, associated with similar objects in bronze; flint knives being especially abundant, though found side by side with others of bronze.\* But all these implements, as well as the pottery with which they are associated, are of much finer and more careful execution than those found in the stratum above, in which the use of stone seems to have been all but exclusively prevalent. So far, therefore, as the evidence of Dr. Schliemann's excavations goes—and they are by far the most important in this respect that have been carried on either in Greece or Asia Minor, indeed the only ones that throw any considerable light upon the pre-historic antiquities of those countries—it is impossible to assume that there was any marked line of demarcation between the bronze and stone periods, implements of both classes being found promiscuously mixed together, though in varying proportions, indicating undoubtedly different states of civilization, but not in accordance with any chronological sequence.

One other point must be mentioned, in respect to which the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann appeared likely to throw a very unexpected light upon the history of early civilization, but on which unfortunately his evidence has broken down. Throughout the body of his work, both in the detailed reports of the progress of his excavations, and in the general introduction in which he sums up the results, he speaks of all the metallic objects found as of copper; and he tells us distinctly that while those discovered in the Hellenic stratum were alloyed with tin—that is to say were of bronze, like all other Hellenic remains of the kind—those found in the lower strata were uni-

formly of *pure copper*, without any alloy whatever. Such a fact would have been as interesting as it was unique. It has always been one of the most difficult questions in the history of mankind to account for the very early and general use of bronze, a mixed metal, one of the ingredients of which is tin, a metal found only in a few localities, far distant from the earliest centres of civilization. And it would seem but natural to suppose that an "age of copper" must have preceded the Age of Bronze, before people had found the art of hardening the one metal by the admixture of the other. To have lighted upon such a period would indeed have been a most interesting discovery, and Dr. Schliemann's precise testimony upon the subject was based on the authority of Professor Landerer, Professor of Chemistry at Athens. Unfortunately, the result of a more careful analysis made for him at Lyons by M. Damour, which is appended to the very last page of his book, shows that both specimens submitted to him, from the objects discovered with the "treasure" itself, contained tin in considerable quantities, and in one instance in almost precisely the same proportions as one from an axe of the pure Hellenic period. There can therefore be but little doubt that all, or almost all, the implements and utensils discovered in the course of his excavations, and described by him as of copper, were really of bronze, as has been found to be the case with similar objects in all other instances.

We feel that we are so far from having exhausted the many interesting topics which Dr. Schliemann's discoveries suggest for our consideration, that we have only found time to touch upon a few of them. He has opened a field of research in great measure new, and combining at once so much interest with difficulties and anomalies of so startling a character, that we have little doubt it will afford a battle-field for archaeologists and philologists for many years to come. We do not think that his own theories will find general acceptance; but we cannot be too grateful for the zeal and energy which he has displayed in his researches, as well as for the conscientious and highly satisfactory manner in which he has given their results to the public.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

# FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### TROUBLES IN THE FOLD: A MESSAGE.

GABRIEL OAK had ceased to feed the Weatherbury flock for about four-and-twenty hours, when on Sunday afternoon the elderly gentlemen, Joseph Poorgrass, Matthew Moon, Fray, and half-a-dozen others came running up to the house of the mistress of the Upper Farm.

"Whatever *is* the matter, men?" she said, meeting them at the door just as she was on the point of coming out on her way to church, and ceasing in a moment from the close compression of her two red lips, with which she had accompanied the exertion of pulling on a tight glove.

"Sixty!" said Joseph Poorgrass.

"Seventy!" said Moon.

"Fifty-nine!" said Susan Tall's husband.

"—Sheep have broke fence," said Fray.

"—And got into a field of young clover," said Tall.

"—Young clover!" said Moon.

"—Clover!" said Joseph Poorgrass.

"And they be getting blasted," said Henery Fray.

"That they be," said Joseph.

"And will all die as dead as nits, if they baint got out and cured!" said Tall.

Joseph's countenance was drawn into lines and puckers by his concern. Fray's forehead was wrinkled both perpendicularly and crosswise, after the pattern of a portcullis, expressive of a double despair. Laban Tall's lips were thin, and his face was rigid. Matthew's jaws sank, and his eyes turned whichever way the strongest muscle happened to pull them.

"Yes," said Joseph, "and I was sitting at home, looking for Ephesians, and says I to myself, 'Tis nothing but Corinthians and Thessalonians in this danged Testament,' when who should come in but Henery there: 'Joseph,' he said, 'the sheep have blasted themselves —'"

With Bathsheba it was a moment when thought was speech and speech exclamation. Moreover, she had hardly recovered her equanimity since the disturbance which she had suffered from Oak's remarks.

"That's enough — that's enough! — oh, you fools!" she cried, throwing the parol and prayer-book into the passage, and running out of doors in the direction signified. "To come to me, and not go and

get them out directly! Oh, the stupid numskulls!"

Her eyes were at their darkest and brightest now. Bathsheba's beauty belonging rather to the redeemed-demonian than to the blemished-angelic school, she never looked so well as when she was angry — and particularly when the effect was heightened by a rather dashing velvet dress, carefully put on before a glass.

All the ancient men ran in a jumbled throng after her to the clover-field, Joseph sinking down in the midst when about half way, like an individual withering in a world which got more and more unstable. Having once received the stimulus that her presence always gave them, they went round among the sheep with a will. The majority of the afflicted animals were lying down, and could not be stirred. These were bodily lifted out, and the others driven into the adjoining field. Here, after the lapse of a few minutes, several more fell down, and lay helpless and livid as the rest.

Bathsheba, with a sad, bursting heart, looked at these primest specimens of her prime flock as they rolled there,

Swoln with wind and the rank mist they drew.

Many of them foamed at the mouth, their breathing being quick and short, whilst the bodies of all were fearfully distended.

"Oh, what can I do, what can I do!" said Bathsheba, helplessly. "Sheep are such unfortunate animals! — there's always something happening to them! I never knew a flock pass a year without getting into some scrape or other."

"There's only one way of saving them," said Tall.

"What way? Tell me quick!"

"They must be pierced in the side with a thing made on purpose."

"Can you do it? Can I?"

"No, ma'am. We can't, nor you neither. It must be done in a particular spot. If ye go to the right or left but an inch you stab the ewe and kill her. Not even a shepherd can do it, as a rule."

"Then they must die," she said, in a resigned tone.

"Only one man in the neighbourhood knows the way," said Joseph, now just come up. "He could cure 'em all if he were here."

"Who is he? Let's get him!"

"Shepherd Oak," said Matthew. "Ah, he's a clever man in talents!"

"Ah, that he is so!" said Joseph Poorgrass.

"True—he's the man," said Laban Tall.

"How dare you name that man in my presence!" she said, excitedly. "I've told you never to allude to him, nor shall you if you stay with me. Ah!" she added, brightening, "Farmer Boldwood knows!"

"O no, ma'am," said Matthew. "Two of his store ewes got into some vetches t'other day, and were just like these. He sent a man on horseback here posthaste for Gable, and Gable went and saved 'em. Farmer Boldwood hev got the thing they do it with. 'Tis a holler pipe, with a sharp pricker inside. Isn't it, Joseph?"

"Ay—a holler pipe," echoed Joseph. "That's what 'tis."

"Ay, sure—that's the machine," chimed in Henery Fray, reflectively, with an Oriental indifference to the flight of time.

"Well," burst out Bathsheba, "don't stand there with your ayes and your sures, talking at me! Get somebody to cure the sheep, instantly!"

All then stalked off in consternation, to get somebody as directed, without any idea of who it was to be. In a minute they had vanished through the gate, and she stood alone with the dying flock.

"Never will I send for him—never!" she said, firmly.

One of the ewes here contracted its muscles horribly, extended itself, and jumped high into the air. The leap was an astonishing one. The ewe fell heavily, and lay still.

Bathsheba went up to it. The sheep was dead.

"Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do!" she again exclaimed, wringing her hands. "I won't send for him. No, I won't!"

The most vigorous expression of a resolution does not always coincide with the greatest vigour of the resolution itself. It is often flung out as a sort of prop to support a decaying conviction which, whilst strong, required no enunciation to prove it so. The "No, I won't" of Bathsheba meant virtually "I think I must."

She followed her assistants through the gate, and lifted her hand to one of them. Laban answered to her signal.

"Where is Oak staying?"

"Across the valley at Nest Cottage."

"Jump on the bay mare, and ride across, and say he must return instantly—that I say so."

Tall scrambled off to the field, and in

two minutes was on Poll, the bay, bare-backed, and with only a halter by way of rein. He diminished down the hill.

Bathsheba watched. So did all the rest. Tall cantered along the bridle-path through Sixteen Acres, Sheeplands, Middle Field, The Flats, Cappel's Piece, shrank almost to a point, crossed the bridge, and ascended from the valley through Springmead and Whitepits on the other side. The cottage to which Gabriel had retired before taking his final departure from the locality was visible as a white spot on the opposite hill, backed by blue firs. Bathsheba walked up and down. The men entered the field and endeavoured to ease the anguish of the dumb creatures by rubbing them. Nothing availed.

Bathsheba continued walking. The horse was seen descending the hill, and the wearisome series had to be repeated in reverse order: Whitepits, Springmead, Cappel's Piece, The Flats, Middle Field, Sheeplands, Sixteen Acres. She hoped Tall had had presence of mind enough to give the mare up to Gabriel, and return himself on foot. The rider neared them. It was Tall.

"O, what folly!" said Bathsheba.

Gabriel was not visible anywhere.

"Perhaps he is already gone," she said.

Tall came into the enclosure, and leapt off, his face tragic as Morton's after the Battle of Shrewsbury.

"Well?" said Bathsheba, unwilling to believe that her verbal *lettre-de-cachet* could possibly have miscarried.

"He says *beggars mustn't be choosers*," replied Laban.

"What!" said the young farmer, opening her eyes and drawing in her breath for an outburst. Joseph Poorgrass retired a few steps behind a hurdle.

"He says he shall not come unless you request him to come civilly and in a proper manner, as becomes any person begging a favour."

"O, ho, that's his answer! Where does he get his airs? Who am I, then, to be treated like that? Shall I beg to a man who has begged to me?"

Another of the flock sprang into the air, and fell dead.

The men looked grave, as if they suppressed opinion.

Bathsheba turned aside, her eyes full of tears. The strait she was in through pride and shrewishness could not be disguised longer: she burst out crying bitterly; they all saw it; and she attempted no further concealment.

"I wouldn't cry about it, Miss," said William Smallbury, compassionately. "Why not ask him softer like? I'm sure he'd come then. Gable is a true man in that way."

Bathsheba checked her grief and wiped her eyes. "O, it is a wicked cruelty to me—it is—it is!" she murmured. "And he drives me to do what I wouldn't; yes, he does!—Tall, come indoors."

After this collapse, not very dignified for the head of an establishment, she went into the house, Tall at her heels. Here she sat down and hastily scribbled a note between the small convulsive sobs of convalescence which follow a fit of crying, as a ground-swell follows a storm. The note was none the less polite for being written in a hurry. She held it at a distance, was about to fold it, then added these words at the bottom:

*"Do not desert me, Gabriel!"*

She looked a little redder in refolding it, and closed her lips, as if thereby to suspend till too late the action of conscience in examining whether such strategy was justifiable. The note was despatched as the message had been, and Bathsheba waited indoors for the result.

It was an anxious quarter of an hour that intervened between the messenger's departure and the sound of the horse's tramp again outside. She could not watch this time, but, leaning over the old bureau at which she had written the letter, closed her eyes, as if to keep out both hope and fear.

The case, however, was a promising one. Gabriel was not angry, he was simply neutral, although her first command had been so haughty. Such imperiousness would have damned a little less beauty; and, on the other hand, such beauty would have redeemed a little less imperiousness.

She went out when the horse was heard, and looked up. A mounted figure passed between her and the sky, and went on towards the field of sheep, the rider turning his face in receding. Gabriel looked at her. It was a moment when a woman's eyes and tongue tell distinctly opposite tales. Bathsheba looked full of gratitude, and she said:

"Oh, Gabriel, how could you serve me so unkindly!"

Such a tenderly-shaped reproach for his previous delay was the one speech in the language that he could pardon for not

being commendation of his readiness now.

Gabriel murmured a confused reply, and hastened on. She knew from the look which sentence in her note had brought him. Bathsheba followed to the field.

Gabriel was already among the turgid prostrate forms. He had flung off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and taken from his pocket the instrument of salvation. It was a small tube or trochar, with a lance passing down the inside; and Gabriel began to use it with a dexterity that would have graced a hospital-surgeon. Passing his hand over the sheep's left flank, and selecting the proper point, he punctured the skin and rumen with the lance as it stood in the tube; then he suddenly withdrew the lance, retaining the tube in its place. A current of air rushed up the tube, forcible enough to have extinguished a candle held at the orifice.

It has been said that mere ease after torment is delight for a time; and the countenances of these poor creatures expressed it now. Forty-nine operations were successfully performed. Owing to the great hurry necessitated by the fargone state of some of the flock, Gabriel missed his aim in one case, and in one only—striking wide of the mark, and inflicting a mortal blow at once upon the suffering ewe. Four had died; three recovered without an operation. The total number of sheep which had thus strayed and injured themselves so dangerously was fifty-seven.

When the love-led man had ceased from his labours, Bathsheba came and looked him in the face.

"Gabriel, will you stay on with me?" she said, smiling winningly, and not troubling to bring her lips quite together again at the end, because there was going to be another smile soon.

"I will," said Gabriel.

And she smiled on him again.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE GREAT BARN AND THE SHEEP-SHEARERS.

MEN thin away to insignificance and oblivion quite as often by not making the most of good spirits when they have them as by lacking good spirits when they are indispensable. Gabriel lately, for the first time since his prostration by misfortune, had been independent in thought

and vigorous in action to a marked extent — conditions which, powerless without an opportunity, as an opportunity without them is barren, would have given him a sure and certain lift upwards when the favourable conjunction should have occurred. But this incurable loitering beside Bathsheba Everdene stole his time ruinously. The spring tides were going by without floating him off, and the neap might soon come which could not.

It was the first day of June, and the sheep-shearing season culminated, the landscape, even to the leanest pasture, being all health and colour. Every green was young, every pore was open, and every stalk was swollen with racing currents of juice. God was palpably present in the country, and the devil had gone with the world to town. Flossy catkins of the later kinds, fern-fronds like bishops' crosiers, the square-headed moschatel, the odd cuckoo-pint — like an apoplectic saint in a niche of malachite — clean white lady's-smocks, the toothwort, approximating to human flesh, the enchanter's nightshade, and the black-petaled doleful-bells were among the quaint objects of the vegetable world in and about Weatherbury at this teeming time; and of the animal, the metamorphosed figures of Mr. Jan Coggan, the master-shearer; the second and third shearers, who travelled in the exercise of their calling and do not require definition by name; Henery Fray the fourth shearer, Susan Tall's husband the fifth, Joseph Poorgass the sixth, young Cain Ball as assistant-shearer, and Gabriel Oak as general supervisor. None of these were clothed to any extent worth mentioning, each appearing to have hit in the matter of raiment the decent mean between a high and low caste Hindoo. An angularity of lineament and a fixity of facial machinery in general proclaimed that serious work was the order of the day.

They sheared in the great barn, called for the nonce the Shearing Barn, which on ground plan resembled a church with transepts. It not only emulated the form of the neighbouring church of the parish, but vied with it in antiquity. Whether the barn had ever formed one of a group of conventual buildings nobody seemed to be aware; no trace of such surroundings remained. The vast porches at the sides, lofty enough to admit a waggon laden to its highest with corn in the sheaf, were spanned by heavy pointed arches of stone, broadly and boldly cut, whose very simplicity was the

origin of a grandeur not apparent in erections where more ornament has been attempted. The dusky, filmed chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves, and diagonals, was far nobler in design, because more wealthy in material, than nine-tenths of those in our modern churches. Along each side wall was a range of striding buttresses, throwing deep shadows on the spaces between them, which were perforated by lancet openings, combining in their proportions the precise requirements both of beauty and ventilation.

One could say about this barn, what could hardly be said of either the church or the castle, its kindred in age and style, that the purpose which had dictated its original erection was the same with that to which it was still applied. Unlike and superior to either of those two typical remnants of mediævalism, the old barn embodied practices which had suffered no mutilation at the hands of time. Here at least the spirit of the builders then was at one with the spirit of the beholder now. Standing before this abraded pile, the eye regarded its present usage; the mind dwelt upon its past history with a satisfied sense of functional continuity throughout — a feeling almost of gratitude, and quite of pride, at the permanence of the idea which had heaped it up. The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple grey effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military compeers. For once mediævalism and modernism had a common standpoint. The lanceolate windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and chamfers, the orientation of the axis, the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, and a desire.

To-day the large side doors were thrown open towards the sun to admit a bountiful light to the immediate spot of the shearers' operations, which was the wood threshing-floor in the centre, formed of thick oak, black with age and polished by the beating of flails for many generations, till it had grown as slippery and as rich in hue as the state-room floors of an Elizabethan mansion. Here the shearers knelt, the sun slanting in upon



their bleached shirts, tanned arms, and the polished shears they flourished, causing them to bristle with a thousand rays strong enough to blind a weak-eyed man. Beneath them a captive sheep lay panting, increasing the rapidity of its pants as misgiving merged in terror, till it quivered like the hot landscape outside.

This picture of to-day in its frame of four hundred years ago did not produce that marked contrast between ancient and modern which is implied by the contrast of date. In comparison with cities, Weatherbury was immutable. The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*. In London, twenty or thirty years ago are old times; in Paris, ten years or five; in Weatherbury three or four score years were included in the mere present, and nothing less than a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present is futurity.

So the barn was natural to the shearers, and the shearers were in harmony with the barn.

The spacious ends of the building, answering ecclesiastically to nave and chancel extremities, were fenced off with hurdles, the sheep being all collected in a crowd within these two enclosures; and in one angle a catching-pen was formed, in which three or four sheep were continuously kept ready for the shearers to seize without loss of time. In the back-ground, mellowed by tawny shade, were the three women, Maryann Money, and Temperance and Soberness Miller, gathering up the fleeces and twisting ropes of wool with a wimble for tying them round. They were indifferently well assisted by the old maltster, who, when the malting season from October to April had passed, made himself useful upon any of the bordering farmsteads.

Behind all was Bathsheba, carefully watching the men to see that there was no cutting or wounding through carelessness, and that the animals were shorn close. Gabriel, who flitted and hovered under her bright eyes like a moth, did not shear continuously, half his time being spent in attending to the others and selecting the sheep for them. At the present moment he was engaged in handing round a mug of mild liquor, supplied

from a barrel in the corner, and cut pieces of bread and cheese.

Bathsheba, after throwing a glance here, a caution there, and lecturing one of the younger operators who had allowed his last finished sheep to go off among the flock without re-stamping it with her initials, came again to Gabriel, as he put down the luncheon to drag a frightened ewe to his shearing station, flinging it over upon its back with a dexterous twist of the arm. He lopped off the tresses about its head, and opened up the neck and collar, his mistress quietly looking on.

"She blushes at the insult," murmured Bathsheba, watching the pink flush which arose and overspread the neck and shoulders of the ewe where they were left bare by the clicking shears—a flush which was enviable, for its delicacy, by many queens of the coteries, and would have been creditable, for its promptness, to any woman in the world.

Poor Gabriel's soul was fed with a luxury of content by having her over him, her eyes critically regarding his skilful shears, which apparently were going to gather up a piece of the flesh at every close, and yet never did so. Like Guildenstern, Oak was happy in that he was not over happy. He had no wish to converse with her: that his bright lady and himself formed one group, exclusively their own, and containing no others in the world, was enough.

So the chatter was all on her side. There is a loquacity that tells nothing, which was Bathsheba's; and there is a silence which says much: that was Gabriel's. Full of this dim and temperate bliss, he went on to fling the ewe over upon her other side, covering her head with his knee, gradually running the shears line after line round her dew-lap, thence about her flank and back, and finishing over the tail.

"Well done and done quickly!" said Bathsheba, looking at her watch as the last snip resounded.

"How long, miss?" said Gabriel, wiping his brow.

"Three-and-twenty minutes and a half since you took the first lock from its forehead. It is the first time that I have ever seen one done in less than half an hour."

The clean, sleek creature arose from its fleece—how perfectly like Aphrodite rising from the foam, should have been seen to be realized—looking startled and shy at the loss of its garment, which



lay on the floor in one soft cloud, united throughout, the portion visible being the inner surface only, which, never before exposed, was white as snow, and without flaw or blemish of minutest kind.

"Cain Ball!"

"Yes, Mister Oak; here I be!"

Cainy now runs forward with the tarpot. "B. E." is newly stamped upon the shorn skin, and away the simple dam leaps, panting, over the board into the shirtless flock outside. Then up comes Maryann; throws the loose locks into the middle of the fleece, rolls it up, and carries it into the background as three-and-a-half pounds of unadulterated warmth for the winter enjoyment of persons unknown and far away, who will, however, never experience the superlative comfort derivable from the wool as it here exists, new and pure — before the unctuousness of its nature whilst in a living state has dried, stiffened, and been washed out — rendering it just now as superior to anything *woollen* as cream is superior to milk-and-water.

But heartless circumstance could not leave entire Gabriel's happiness of this morning. The rams, old ewes, and two-shear ewes had duly undergone their stripping, and the men were proceeding with the shearlings and hogs, when Oak's belief that she was going to stand pleasantly by and time him through another performance was painfully interrupted by Farmer Boldwood's appearance in the extremest corner of the barn. Nobody seemed to have perceived his entry, but there he certainly was. Boldwood always carried with him a social atmosphere of his own, which everybody felt who came near him; and the talk, which Bathsheba's presence had somewhat repressed, was now totally suspended.

He crossed over towards Bathsheba, who turned to greet him with a carriage of perfect ease. He spoke to her in low tones, and she instinctively modulated her own to the same pitch, and her voice ultimately even caught the inflection of his. She was far from having a wish to appear mysteriously connected with him; but woman at the impressible age gravitates to the larger body not only in her choice of words, which is apparent every day, but even in her shades of tone and humour, when the influence is great.

What they conversed about was not audible to Gabriel, who was too independent to get near, though too concerned to disregard. The issue of their dialogue was the taking of her hand by the cour-

teous farmer to help her over the spreading-board into the bright May sunlight outside. Standing beside the sheep already shorn, they went on talking again. Concerning the flock? Apparently not. Gabriel theorized, not without truth, that in quiet discussion of any matter within reach of the speakers' eyes, these are usually fixed upon it. Bathsheba demurely regarded a contemptible straw lying upon the ground, in a way which suggested less ovine criticism than womanly embarrassment. She became more or less red in the cheek, the blood wavering in uncertain flux and reflux over the sensitive space between ebb and flood. Gabriel sheared on, constrained and sad.

She left Boldwood's side, and he walked up and down alone for nearly a quarter of an hour. Then she reappeared in a new riding-habit of myrtle green, which fitted her to the waist as a rind fits its fruit; and young Bob Coggan led on her mare, Boldwood fetching his own horse from the tree under which it had been tied.

Oak's eyes could not forsake them; and in endeavouring to continue his shearing at the same time that he watched Boldwood's manner, he snipped the sheep in the groin. The animal plunged; Bathsheba instantly gazed towards it, and saw the blood.

"O Gabriel!" she exclaimed, with severe remonstrance. "You who are so strict with the other men — see what you are doing yourself!"

To an outsider there was not much to complain of in this remark; but to Oak, who knew Bathsheba to be well aware that she herself was the cause of the poor ewe's wound, because she had wounded the ewe's shearer in a still more vital part, it had a sting which the abiding sense of his inferiority to both herself and Boldwood was not calculated to heal. But a manly resolve to recognize boldly that he had no longer a lover's interest in her, helped him occasionally to conceal a feeling.

"Bottle!" he shouted, in an unmoved voice of routine. Cainy Ball ran up, the wound was anointed, and the shearing continued.

Boldwood gently tossed Bathsheba into the saddle, and before they turned away she again spoke out to Oak with the same dominative and tantalizing graciousness.

"I am going now to see Mr. Boldwood's Leicesters. Take my place in the

barn, Gabriel, and keep the men carefully to their work."

The horses' heads were put about, and they trotted away.

Boldwood's deep attachment was a matter of great interest among all around him; but, after having been pointed out for so many years as the perfect exemplar of thriving bachelorship, his lapse was an anticlimax, somewhat resembling that of St. John Long's death by consumption, in the midst of his proofs that it was not a fatal disease.

"That means matrimony," said Temperance Miller, following them out of sight with her eyes.

"I reckon that's the size o't," said Coggan, working along without looking up.

"Well, better wed over the mixen than over the moor," said Laban Tall, turning his sheep.

Henery Fray spoke, exhibiting miserable eyes at the same time: "I don't see why a maid should take a husband when she's bold enough to fight her own battles, and don't want a home; for 'tis keeping another woman out. But let it be, for 'tis a pity he and she should trouble two houses."

As usual with decided characters, Bathsheba invariably provoked the criticism of individuals like Henery Fray. Her emblazoned fault was to be too pronounced in her objections, and not sufficiently overt in her likings. We learn that it is not the rays which bodies absorb, but those which they reject, that give them the colours they are known by; and in the same way people are specialized by their dislikes and antagonisms, whilst their goodwill is looked upon as no attribute at all.

Henery continued in a more complaisant mood: "I once hinted my mind to her on a few things, as nearly as a battered frame dared to do so to such a froward piece. You all know, neighbours, what a man I be, and how I come down with my powerful words when my pride is boiling with indignation?"

"We do, we do, Henery."

"So I said, 'Mistress Everdene, there's places empty, and there's gifted men willing; but the spite'—no, not the spite—I didn't say spite—but the villany of the contrarikind,' I said (meaning womankind), 'keeps 'em out.' That wasn't too strong for her, say?"

"Passably well put."

"Yes; and I would have said it, had

death and salvation overtook me for it. Such is my spirit when I have a mind!"

"A true man, and proud as a lucifer."

"You see the artfulness? Why, 'twas about being baily really; but I didn't put it so plain that she could understand my meaning, so I could lay it on all the stronger. That was my depth!... However, let her marryan she will. Perhaps 'tis high time. I believe Farmer Boldwood kissed her behind the spearbed at the sheep-washing t'other day—that I do."

"What a lie!" said Gabriel.

"Ah, neighbour Oak—how'st know?" said Henery, mildly.

"Because she told me all that passed," said Oak, with a pharisaical sense that he was not as other shearers in this matter.

"Ye have a right to believe it," said Henery, with dudgeon; "a very true right. But I may see a little distance into things. To be long-headed enough for a baily's place is a poor mere trifle—yet a trifle more than nothing. However, I look round upon life quite promiscuous. Do you conceive me, neighbours? My words, though made as simple as I can, may be rather deep for some heads."

"Oh yes, Henery, we quite conceive ye."

"A strange old piece, goodmen—whirled about from here to yonder, as if I were nothing worth. A little warped, too. But I have my depths; ha, and even my great depths! I might close with a certain shepherd, brain to brain. But no—Oh no!"

"A strange old piece, ye say!" interposed the maltster, in a querulous voice. "At the same time ye be no old man worth naming—no old man at all. Yer teeth baint half gone yet; and what's a old man's standing if so be his teeth baint gone? Weren't I stale in wedlock afore ye were out of arms? 'Tis a poor thing to be sixty, when there's people far past four-score—a boast weak as water."

It was the unvarying custom in Weatherybury to sink minor differences when the maltster had to be pacified.

"Weak as water! yes," said Jan Coggan. "Maltster, we feel ye to be a wonderful old veteran man, and nobody can gainsay it."

"Nobody," said Joseph Poorgrass. "Ye are a very rare old spectacle, maltster, and we all respect ye for that gift."

"Ay, and as a young man, when my senses were in prosperity, I was likewise

liked by a good-few who knowed me," said the maltster.

"'Thout doubt you was — 'thout doubt."

The bent and hoary man was satisfied, and so apparently was Henery Fray. That matters should continue pleasant Maryann spoke, who, what with her brown complexion, and the working wrapper of rusty linsey, had at present the mellow hue of an old sketch in oils — notably some of Nicholas Pousin's: —

"Do anybody know of a crooked man, or a lame, or any second-hand fellow at all that would do for poor me?" said Maryann. "A perfect article I don't expect to get at my time of life. If I could hear of such a thing 'twould do me more good than toast and ale."

Coggan furnished a suitable reply. Oak went on with his shearing, and said not another word. Pestilent moods had come, and teased away his quiet. Bathsheba had shown indications of anointing him above his fellows by installing him as the bailiff that the farm imperatively required. He did not covet the post relatively to the farm: in relation to herself, as beloved by him and unmarried to another, he had coveted it. His readings of her seemed now to be vapoury and indistinct. His lecture to her was, he thought, one of the absurdest mistakes. Far from coquetting with Boldwood, she had trifled with himself in thus feigning that she had trifled with another. He was inwardly convinced that, in accordance with the anticipations of his easy-going and worse-educated comrades, that day would see Boldwood the accepted husband of Miss Everdene. Gabriel at this time of his life had outgrown the instinctive dislike which every Christian boy has for reading the Bible, perusing it now quite frequently, and he inwardly said, "'I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets!'" This was mere exclamation — the froth of the storm. He adored Bathsheba just the same.

"We workfolk shall have some lordly junketing to-night," said Cainy Ball, casting forth his thoughts in a new direction. "This morning I see 'em making the great puddens in the milking-pails — lumps of fat as big as yer thumb, Mister Oak! I've never seed such splendid large knobs of fat before in the days of my life — they never used to be bigger than a horse-bean. And there was a great black crock upon the brandise with

his legs a-sticking out, but I don't know what was in within."

"And there's two bushels of biffins for apple-pies," said Maryann.

"Well, I hope to do my duty by it all," said Joseph Poorgress, in a pleasant, masticating manner of anticipation. "Yes; victuals and drink is a cheerful thing, and gives nerves to the nerveless, if the form of words may be used. 'Tis the gospel of the body, without which he perish, so to speak it."

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### EVENTIDE: A SECOND DECLARATION.

FOR the shearing-supper a long table was placed on the grass-plot beside the house, the end of the table being thrust over the sill of the wide parlour-window and a foot or two into the room. Miss Everdene sat inside the window, facing down the table. She was thus at the head without mingling with the men.

This evening Bathsheba was unusually excited, her red cheeks and lips contrasting lustroously with the mazy skeins of her shadowy hair. She seemed to expect assistance, and the seat at the bottom of the table was at her request left vacant until after they had begun the meal. She then asked Gabriel to take the place and the duties appertaining to that end, which he did with great readiness.

At this moment Mr. Boldwood came in at the gate, and crossed the green to Bathsheba at the window. He apologized for his lateness: his arrival was evidently by arrangement.

"Gabriel," said she, "will you move again, please, and let Mr. Boldwood come there?"

Oak moved in silence back to his original seat.

The gentleman-farmer was dressed in cheerful style, in a new coat and white waistcoat, quite contrasting with his usual sober suits of grey. Inwardly, too, he was blithe, and consequently chatty to an exceptional degree. So also was Bathsheba now that he had come, though the uninvited presence of Pennyways, the bailiff who had been dismissed for theft, disturbed her equanimity for a while.

Supper being ended, Coggan began on his own private account, without reference to listeners: —

I've lost my love, and I care not,  
I've lost my love, and I care not;  
I shall soon have another  
That's better than t'other;  
I've lost my love, and I care not.

This melody, when concluded, was received with a silently appreciative gaze at the table, implying that the performance, like a work by those established authors who are independent of notices in the papers, was a well-known delight which required no applause.

"Now, Master Poorgrass, your song," said Coggan.

"I be all but a shadder, and the gift is wanting in me," said Joseph, diminishing himself.

"Nonsense; wou'st never be so ungrateful, Joseph — never!" said Coggan, expressing hurt feelings by an inflection of voice. "And mistress is looking hard at ye, as much as to say, 'Sing at once, Joseph Poorgrass.'"

"Faith, so she is; well, I must suffer it! . . . How do I bear her gaze? Do I blush prodigally? Just eye my features, and see if the tell-tale blood overpowers me much, neighbours."

"No, yer blushes be quite reasonable," said Coggan.

"A very reasonable depth indeed," testified Oak.

"I always tries to keep my colours from rising when a beauty's eyes get fixed on me," said Joseph, diffidently; "but if so be 'tis willed they do, they must."

"Now, Joseph, your song, please," said Bathsheba, from the window.

"Well, really, ma'am," he replied, in a yielding tone, "I don't know what to say. It would be a poor plain ballet of my own composure."

"Hear, hear!" said the supper-party.

Poorgrass, thus assured, trilled forth a flickering yet commendable piece of sentiment, the tune of which consisted of the key-note and another, the latter being the sound chiefly dwelt upon. This was so successful that he rashly plunged into a second in the same breath, after a few false starts:—

I sów-ed thé-e . . .

I sów-ed . . .

I sów-ed thé-e seeds óf lové,

I-it wás áll í-in thé-e spríng,

I-in A-príl, Má-ay, á-nd sún-ný Júné,

When smá-ál bí-í-rds they dó síng.

"Well put out of hand," said Coggan, at the end of the verse. "'They do sing' was a very taking paragraph."

"Ay; and there was a pretty place at 'seeds of love,' and 'twas well rehearsed. Though 'love' is a nasty high corner when a man's voice is getting crazed. Next verse, Master Poorgrass."

But during this rendering young Bob

Coggan evinced one of those anomalies which will afflict little people when other persons are particularly serious, and, in trying to check his laughter, pushed down his throat as much of the table-cloth as he could get hold of, when, after continuing hermetically sealed for a short time, his mirth ultimately burst out through his nose. Joseph perceived it, and with hectic cheeks of indignation instantly ceased singing. Coggan boxed Bob's ears immediately.

"Go on, Joseph—go on, and never mind the young scamp," said Coggan. "'Tis a very catching ballet. Now then again—the next bar; I'll help ye to flourish up the shrill notes where yer wind is rather wheezy:—

O the wí-il-ló-ow treeé wíll twíst,  
And the wí-ló-w tré-ee wí-íll twíné.

But the singer could not be set going again. Bob Coggan was sent home for his ill manners, and tranquillity was restored by Jacob Smallbury, who volunteered a ballad as inclusive and interminable as that with which the worthy toper, old Silenus, amused on a similar occasion the swains Chromis and Mnasyllus, and other jolly dogs of his day.

It was still the beaming time of evening, though night was stealthily making itself visible low down upon the ground, the western lines of light raking the earth without alighting upon it to any extent, or illuminating the dead levels at all. The sun had crept round the tree as a last effort before death, and then began to sink, the shearers' lower parts becoming steeped in embrowning twilight, whilst their heads and shoulders were still enjoying day, lacquered with a yellow of self-sustained brilliancy that seemed inherent rather than acquired.

The sun went down in an ochreous mist; but they sat, and talked on, and grew as merry as the gods in Homer's heaven. Bathsheba still remained enthroned inside the window, and occupied herself in knitting, from which she sometimes looked up to view the fading scene outside. The slow twilight expanded and enveloped them completely before the signs of moving were shown.

Gabriel suddenly missed Farmer Boldwood from his place at the bottom of the table. How long he had been gone Oak did not know; but he had apparently withdrawn into the encircling dusk. Whilst he was thinking of this, Liddy brought candles into the back part of the room overlooking the shearers, and their

lively new flames shone down the table and over the men, and dispersed among the green shadows behind. Bathsheba's form, still in its original position, was now again distinct between their eyes and the light, which revealed that Boldwood had gone inside the room, and was now sitting near her.

Next came the question of the evening. Would Miss Everdene sing to them the song she always sang so charmingly—"The Banks of Allan Water"—before they went home?

After a moment's consideration Bathsheba assented, beckoning to Gabriel, who hastened up into the coveted atmosphere at once.

"Have you brought your flute?" she whispered.

"Yes, miss."

"Play to my singing, then."

She stood up in the window-opening, facing the men, the candles behind her, and Gabriel on her right hand, immediately outside the sash-frame. Boldwood had drawn up on her left, within the room. Her singing was soft and rather tremulous at first, but it soon swelled to a steady clearness. Subsequent events caused one of the verses to be remembered for many months, and even years, by more than one of those who were gathered there:—

For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he:  
On the banks of Allan Water  
None was gay as she!

In addition to the dulcet piping of Gabriel's flute, Boldwood supplied a bass in his customary profound voice, uttering his notes so softly, however, as to abstain entirely from making anything like an ordinary duet of the song; they rather formed a rich unexplored shadow, which threw her tones into relief. The shearers reclined against each other as at suppers in the early ages of the world, and so silent and absorbed were they that her breathing could almost be heard between the bars; and at the end of the ballad, when the last tone loitered on to an inexpressible close, there arose that buzz of pleasure which is the attar of applause.

It is scarcely necessary to state that Gabriel could not avoid noting the farmer's bearing to-night towards their entertainer. Yet there was nothing exceptional in his actions beyond what appertained to his time of performing them. It was when the rest were all looking

away that Boldwood observed her; when they regarded her he turned aside; when they thanked or praised he was silent; when they were inattentive he murmured his thanks. The meaning lay in the difference between actions, none of which had any meaning of themselves; and the necessity of being jealous, which lovers are troubled with, did not lead Oak to under-estimate these signs.

Bathsheba then wished them good-night, withdrew from the window, and retired to the back part of the room, Boldwood thereupon closing the sash and the shutters, and shutting himself inside with her. Oak wandered away under the quiet and scented trees. Recovering from the softer impressions produced by Bathsheba's voice, the shearers rose to leave, Coggan turning to Pennyways as he pushed back the bench to pass out:—

"I like to give praise where praise is due, and the man deserves it—that 'a do so," he remarked, looking at the worthy thief comprehensively, as if he were the masterpiece of some world-renowned artist.

"I'm sure I should never have believed it if we hadn't proved it, so to allude," said Joseph Poorgrass, "that every cup, every one of the best knives and forks, and every empty bottle be in their place as perfect now as at the beginning, and not one stole at all."

"I'm sure I don't deserve half the praise you give me," said the virtuous thief, grimly.

"Well, I'll say this for Pennyways," added Coggan, "that whenever he do really make up his mind to do a noble thing in the shape of a good action, as I could see by his face he did to-night afore sitting down, he's generally able to carry it out. Yes, I'm proud to say, neighbours, that he's stole nothing at all."

"Well, 'tis an honest deed, and we thank ye for it, Pennyways," said Joseph; to which opinion the remainder of the company subscribed unanimously.

At this time of departure, when nothing more was visible of the inside of the parlour than a thin and still chink of light between the shutters, a passionate scene was in course of enactment there.

Miss Everdene and Boldwood were alone. Her cheeks had lost a great deal of their healthful fire from the very seriousness of her position; but her eye was bright with the excitement of a tri-



umph—though it was a triumph which had rather been contemplated than desired.

She was standing behind a low arm-chair, from which she had just risen, and he was kneeling in it—inclining himself over its back towards her, and holding her hand in both his own. His body moved restlessly, and it was with a too happy happiness. This unwonted abstraction by love of all dignity from a man of whom it had ever seemed the chief component, was, in its distressing incongruity, a pain to her which quenched much of the pleasure she derived from the proof that she was idolized.

"I will try to love you," she was saying, in a trembling voice quite unlike her usual self-confidence. "And if I can believe in any way that I shall make you a good wife I shall indeed be willing to marry you. But, Mr. Boldwood, hesitation on so high a matter is honourable in any woman, and I don't want to give a solemn promise to-night. I would rather ask you to wait a few weeks till I can see my situation better."

"But you have every reason to believe that *then* . . ."

"I have every reason to hope that at the end of the five or six weeks, between this time and harvest, that you say you are going to be away from home, I shall be able to promise to be your wife," she said, firmly. "But remember this distinctly, I don't promise yet."

"It is enough; I don't ask more. I can wait on those dear words. And now, Miss Everdene, good night!"

"Good-night," she said, graciously—almost tenderly; and Boldwood withdrew with a serene smile.

Bathsheba knew more of him now; he had entirely bared his heart before her, even until he had almost worn in her eyes the sorry look of a grand bird without the feathers that make it grand. She had been awe-struck at her past temerity, and was struggling to make amends, without thinking whether the sin quite deserved the penalty she was schooling herself to pay. To have brought all this about her ears was terrible; but after a while the situation was not without a fearful joy. The facility with which even the most timid women sometimes acquire a relish for the dreadful when that is amalgamated with a little triumph, is marvellous.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### THE SAME NIGHT: THE FIR PLANTATION.

AMONG the multifarious duties which Bathsheba had voluntarily imposed upon herself by dispensing with the services of a bailiff, was the particular one of looking round the homestead before going to bed, to see that all was right and safe for the night. Gabriel had almost constantly preceded her in this tour every evening, watching her affairs as carefully as any specially appointed officer of surveillance could have done; but this tender devotion was to a great extent unknown to his mistress, and as much as was known was somewhat thanklessly received. Women are never tired of bewailing man's fickleness in love, but they only seem to snub his constancy.

As watching is best done invisibly, she usually carried a dark lantern in her hand, and every now and then turned on the light to examine nooks and corners with the coolness of a metropolitan policeman. This coolness may have owed its existence not so much to her fearlessness of expected danger as to her freedom from the suspicion of any; her worst anticipated discovery being that a horse might not be well bedded, the fowls not all in, or a door not closed.

This night the buildings were inspected as usual, and she went round to the farm paddock. Here the only sounds disturbing the stillness were steady munchings of many mouths, and stentorian breathings from all but invisible noses, ending in snores and puffs like the blowing of bellows slowly. Then the munching would re-commence, when the lively imagination might assist the eye to discern a group of pink-white nostrils, large as caverns, and very clammy and humid on their surfaces, not exactly pleasant to the touch until one got used to them; the mouths beneath them having a great partiality for closing upon any fragment of Bathsheba's apparel which came within reach of their tongues. Above each of these a still keener vision suggested a brown forehead and two staring though not unfriendly eyes, and above all a pair of whitish crescent-shaped horns like two particularly new moons, an occasional stolid "moo!" proclaiming beyond the shade of a doubt that these phenomena were the features and persons of Daisy, Whitefoot, Bonnylass, Jolly-O, Spot, Twinkle-eye, &c., &c.—the respectable

dairy of Devon cows belonging to Bathsheba aforesaid.

Her way back to the house was by a path through a young plantation of tapering firs, which had been planted some years earlier to shelter the premises from the north wind. By reason of the density overhead of the interwoven foliage it was gloomy there at cloudless noontide, twilight in the evening, dark as midnight at dusk, and black as the ninth plague of Egypt at midnight. To describe the spot is to call it a vast, low, naturally formed hall, the plummy ceiling of which was supported by slender pillars of living wood, the floor being covered with a soft dun carpet of dead spikelets and mildewed cones, with a tuft of grass-blades here and there.

This bit of the path was always the *crux* of the night's ramble, though, before starting, her apprehensions of danger were not vivid enough to lead her to take a companion. Slipping along here covertly as Time, Bathsheba fancied she could hear footsteps entering the track at the opposite end. It was certainly a rustle of footsteps. Her own instantly fell as gently as snow-flakes. She reassured herself by a remembrance that the path was public, and that the traveller was probably some villager returning home, regretting, at the same time, that the meeting should be about to occur in the darkest point of her route, even though only just outside her own door.

The noise approached, came close, and a figure was apparently on the point of gliding past her when something tugged at her skirt and pinned it forcibly to the ground. The instantaneous check nearly threw Bathsheba off her balance. In recovering she struck against warm clothes and buttons.

"A rum start, upon my soul!" said a masculine voice, a foot or so above her head. "Have I hurt you, mate?"

"No," said Bathsheba, attempting to shrink away.

"We have got hitched together somehow, I think."

"Yes."

"Are you a woman?"

"Yes."

"A lady, I should have said."

"It doesn't matter."

"I am a man."

"Oh!"

Bathsheba softly tugged again, but to no purpose.

"Is that a dark lantern you have? I fancy so," said the man.

"Yes."

"If you'll allow me I'll open it, and set you free."

A hand seized the lantern, the door was opened, the rays burst out from their prison, and Bathsheba beheld her position with astonishment.

The man to whom she was hooked was brilliant with brass and scarlet. He was a soldier. His sudden appearance was to darkness what the sound of a trumpet is to silence. Gloom, the *genius loci* at all times hitherto, was now totally overthrown, less by the lantern light than by what the lantern lighted. The contrast of this revelation with her anticipations of some sinister figure in sombre garb was so great that it had upon her the effect of a fairy transformation.

It was immediately apparent that the military man's spur had become entangled in the gimp which decorated the skirt of her dress. He caught a view of her face.

"I'll unfasten you in one moment, miss," he said, with new-born gallantry.

"O no—I can do it, thank you," she hastily replied, and stooped for the performance.

The unfastening was not such a trifling affair. The rowel of the spur had so wound itself among the gimp cords in those few moments, that separation was likely to be a matter of time.

He too stooped, and the lantern standing on the ground betwixt them threw the gleam from its open side among the fir-tree *débris* and the blades of long damp grass with the effect of a large glow-worm. It radiated upwards into their faces, and sent over half the plantation gigantic shadows of both man and woman, each dusky shape becoming distorted and mangled upon the tree-trunks till it wasted to nothing.

He looked hard into her eyes when she raised them for a moment; Bathsheba looked down again, for his gaze was too strong to be received pointblank with her own. But she had obliquely noticed that he was young and slim, and that he wore three chevrons upon his sleeve.

Bathsheba pulled again.

"You are a prisoner, miss; it is no use blinking the matter," said the soldier, drily. "I must cut your dress if you are in such a hurry."

"Yes—please do!" she exclaimed, helplessly.

"It wouldn't be necessary if you could wait a moment;" and he unwound a cord from the little wheel. She withdrew her

own hand, but, whether by accident or design, he touched it. Bathsheba was vexed; she hardly knew why.

His unravelling went on, but it nevertheless seemed coming to no end. She looked at him again.

"Thank you for the sight of such a beautiful face!" said the young sergeant, without ceremony.

She coloured with embarrassment. "Twas unwillingly shown," she replied, stiffly, and with as much dignity — which was very little — as she could infuse into a position of utter captivity.

"I like you the better for that incivility, miss," he said.

"I should have liked — I wish — you had never shown yourself to me by intruding here!" She pulled again, and the gathers of her dress began to give way like lilliputian musketry.

"I deserve such a chastisement as your words give me. But why should such a fair and dutiful girl have such an aversion to her father's sex?"

"Go on your way, please."

"What, Beauty, and drag you after me? Do but look; I never saw such a tangle!"

"O, 'tis shameful of you; you have been making it worse on purpose to keep me here — you have!"

"Indeed, I don't think so," said the sergeant, with a merry twinkle.

"I tell you you have!" she exclaimed, in high temper. "I insist upon undoing it. Now, allow me!"

"Certainly, miss; I am not of steel." He added a sigh which had as much archness in it as a sigh could possess without losing its nature altogether. "I am thankful for beauty, even when 'tis thrown to me like a bone to a dog. These moments will be over too soon!"

"Not for my pleasure," she said.

Bathsheba was revolving in her mind whether by a bold and desperate rush she could free herself at the risk of leaving a portion of her skirt bodily behind her. The thought was too dreadful. The dress — which she had put on to appear stately at the supper — was the head and front of her wardrobe; not another in her stock became her so well. And then, her appearance with half a skirt gone! What woman in Bathsheba's position, not naturally timid, and within call of her retainers, would have bought escape from a dashing soldier at so dear a price?

"All in good time; it will soon be done, I perceive," said her cool friend.

"This trifling provokes, and — and —"

"Not too cruel!"

"— Insults me!"

"It is done in order that I may have the pleasure of apologizing to so charming a woman, which I straightway do most humbly, madam," he said, bowing low.

Bathsheba really knew not what to say.

"I've seen a good many women in my time," continued the young man in a murmur, and more thoughtfully than hitherto critically regarding her bent head at the same time; "but I've never seen a woman so beautiful as you. Take it or leave it — be offended or like it — I don't care."

"Who are you, then, who can so well afford to despise opinion?"

"No stranger. Sergeant Troy. I am staying in this place.— There! it is undone at last, you see. Your light fingers were more eager than mine. I wish it had been the knot of knots, which there's no untying."

This was worse and worse. She started up, and so did he. How to decently get away from him — that was her difficulty now. She sidled off inch by inch, the lantern in her hand, till she could see the redness of his coat no longer.

"Ah, Beauty; good-bye!" he said.

She made no reply, and reaching a distance of twenty or thirty yards, turned about, and ran indoors.

Liddy had just retired to rest. In ascending to her own chamber, Bathsheba opened the girl's door an inch or two, and said —

"Liddy, is any soldier staying in the village — Sergeant somebody — rather gentlemanly for a sergeant, and good-looking — a red coat with blue facings?"

"No, miss. . . . No, I say; but really it might be Sergeant Troy home on furlough, though I have not seen him. He was here once in that way when the regiment was at Casterbridge."

"Yes — that's the name. Had he a moustache — no whiskers or beard?"

"He had."

"What kind of a person is he?"

"Oh! miss — I blush to name it — a gay man. But I know him to be very quick and trim, who might have made his thousands, like a squire. Such a clever young dand as he is! He's a doctor's son by name, which is a great deal; and he's an earl's son by nature!"

"Which is a great deal more. Fancy! Is it true?"

"Yes. And he was brought up so

well, and sent to Casterbridge Grammar School for years and years. Learnt all languages while he was there; and it was said he got on so far that he could take down Chinese in shorthand; but that I don't answer for, as it was only reported. However, he wasted his gifted lot, and listed a soldier; but even then he rose to be a sergeant without trying at all. Ah! such a blessing it is to be high-born; nobility of blood will shine out even in the ranks and files. And is he really come home, miss?"

"I believe so. Good-night, Liddy."

After all, how could a cheerful wearer of skirts be permanently offended with the man? There are occasions when girls like Bathsheba will put up with a great deal of unconventional behaviour. When they want to be praised, which is often; when they want to be mastered, which is sometimes; and when they want no nonsense, which is seldom. Just now the first feeling was in the ascendant with Bathsheba, with a dash of the second. Moreover, by chance or by devilry, the ministrant was antecedently made interesting by being a handsome stranger who had evidently seen better days.

So she could not clearly decide whether it was her opinion that he had insulted her or not.

"Was ever anything so odd!" she at last exclaimed to herself, in her own room. "And was ever anything so meanly done as what I did—to skulk away like that from a man who was only civil and kind!" Clearly she did not think his barefaced praise of her person an insult now.

It was a fatal omission of Boldwood's that he had never once told her she was beautiful.

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From Temple Bar.

#### SIR PETER LELY.

THE town of Soest in the old German circle of Westphalia, is a quaint, picturesque, ancient place, well known to easy-going travellers between Cologne and Hanover. There Lely was born in 1618; and there he spent his boyhood, playing under the shadows of the three fine old churches, making holiday excursions out to Sassendorf, or tarrying in the market-place, watching the expression in the faces of the sellers and buyers of corn.

Nagel says that Lely's father, a poor military officer, bore the surname by which his son is known. The common story runs that the family name was Van der Faes, that the house in which the Captain dwelt was decorated with a sculptured lily or lilies, and that Captain Van der Faes became known as the Captain at the Lily. The objection to this story is that neither in *Altdeutsch*, *Mitteldeutsch*, *Oberdeutsch*, nor in modern German does "Lely" mean "lily." It was probably Peter's mother's name, added to that of the husband, as is the fashion on the Continent at the present time.

When Peter Lely was born, by the side of one of the clear streams which freshen the town of Soest from the neighbouring lake, Rubens was forty-one years old, living in Antwerp in a sort of state which Lely subsequently emulated in London. In that year, 1618, Vandyck was a handsome lad, nineteen years old, studying in Rubens's painting-room. The Captain's little son, in his cradle at Soest, was destined to follow Vandyck in the English capital, to equal him in style of life, without imitating his extravagance, and to occasionally come very near him in power of painting, without any imitation of his manner.

The parents of Peter Van der Faes thought of the church and then of the army as affording their son chances for a fortunate career. Peter heard but heeded not. His talk, tastes, and pursuits indicated an irrepressible bent. At eighteen, instead of preparing for ordination or learning the sword exercise, Peter went, by his father's consent, to Haarlem as a pupil in the studio of a now less remembered Peter—Peter Grebber. Grebber was not a great master, but he was a man of infinite taste, and Lely applied himself with such effect to follow his instructions in historical and portrait painting, adding thereto much successful practice in landscape, that in two years Grebber kindly touched the young fellow on the shoulder, and bade him enter the world on his own account, as he then knew quite as much as his master.

Peter took Grebber at his word, but he studied the works of Vandyck before he repaired to the country where Vandyck's career was closing. Lely's first appearance in England is said to have been in the suite of the boy bridegroom from Holland, who came over here in 1641 to marry the little daughter (Mary) of Charles the First. This was the last of the royal

child marriages which was celebrated in England, and it was full of circumstances worthy of a painter's record. The ceremony took place on a May day, in 1641, in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall. The bride was in her tenth year. The bridegroom, William, afterwards second Prince of Orange, was only eleven. When Bishop Wren blessed the little couple the bevy of as little bridesmaids were in a flutter of delight and wonderment. The consequent festival was of an old-fashioned romping quality; and when king, queen, and court conducted the illustrious pair to their several rooms in the palace nursery, the little husband and his little wife were the most weary of all that joyous romping party. In the year 1643 Van Tromp came hither and escorted the little bride over the seas to Holland; his ships of war accompanying the progress with thundering symphonies from the throats of their guns.

At the time above named, Peter, looking about him in London, was taken by ever-generous Geldorp into his studio in Drury Lane. Geldorp welcomed the Westphalian to his house in the Lane as warmly as he had welcomed Vandyck to his former house and studio in Blackfriars. Charles the First, who loved to spend an hour with his courtiers in artists' studios, probably first saw Lely at Geldorp's in Drury Lane. It was at a later period that Peter painted the king's portrait. Lely may have worked for Charles before that. In the catalogue of Charles's pictures was "A Landscape done by Geldorp's Man." It was valued by the commissioners at 2l. ios., and it fetched the moderate price demanded.

Lely, for some time after this, was rather a painter of history and of landscapes than of portraits. There was no one to rival or follow him in the two former departments of art. Vandyck, in portraiture, was held to be a master not to be surpassed. Lely nevertheless resolved to pursue the path by which Vandyck had earned golden reputation and enchanted the world. The masterpieces of Vandyck moved the pulses of his heart and fired his aspirations. Lely probably never stood at his easel without his mind dwelling on the great artist whom he adopted as his master. When he grew rich enough he bought Vandycks for study and for increase of gracefulness to his house. When he looked at other men's labours he measured them by Vandyck. The highest praise he could give was, "That's the nearest to Vandyck

of anything I have seen since I came to England;" and it was such praise that he gave to Mary Beale.

Lely was very soon at court. The earliest work in portraiture on which Lely was employed in England was in copying Vandyck. That portrait of Charles the First with his little son James, which Evelyn saw in 1658 at Northumberland House, and which he describes as "the last of our blessed Kings and the Duke of York," and as Lely's work, was in fact Lely's admirable copy of one of the late pieces by Vandyck. From such work he passed to original efforts. He was to be seen not only in Aldersgate Street and Drury Lane, painting the ladies of those and similar aristocratic places, but in more exclusive Whitehall, with the king and queen sitting before him, graciously condescending to be limned.

After royalty had departed from Whitehall, Lely painted the portraits of leading Commonwealth men, and that of him who led the leaders—Cromwell. "Mr. Lely," said Oliver, "I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture only like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will never pay you a farthing for it." The Protector knew that a portrait could be an historical picture.

When Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, commissioned Lely to paint the handsomest women at the court of Charles the Second, he naturally began with her highness and her ladies. Twelve of these are known now as the "Windsor Beauties," having long hung in the gallery at the Castle, before they joined Kneller's "Beauties" at Hampton Court. They are almost entirely free from the faults which have been laid to the artist's charge, and this in despite of the free and flowing fashion of dress or undress which then prevailed. There was little covering to speak of, except from the waist downwards. Ladies hid their feet and revealed their bosoms. They came to court with trains, some of which reached from the foot of the throne far away into the outer chamber or staircase. Lely simply indicates the fashion of the period. In his "Windsor Beauties," his Duchess of York is a cold English lady. In the quarter-length, in the National Portrait Gallery, she is a good-natured looking person, with a well-bred stare and a blue stomacher. His Queen Catherine of Braganza is a quiet, lady-like woman, with only her fine eyes to be proud of,



and she has a slight expression of being "bored" at having to "sit" for such a special purpose.

Look at Lely's Duchess of Cleveland, that supreme "hussy of the hussies." He has represented her as Pallas. She has an air of Venus in her wiser cousin's panoply. She carries a spear, wears a helmet, and rests on, rather than grasps, a shield. She is manifestly more ready for love than war. She is calmly proud in the strength, less of her arms than of her beauty. She is lovely, but she is also wide awake, and the storm-cloud in the background is a fine indication of character in a lady whose humanity suffered a notable change when her remarkable temper was ruffled.

Then, turn to Diana, alias Duchess of Richmond, whom Lely makes pass for the Goddess of Chastity (the *belle Stuart* being *difficile*) by putting a bow in her hand, and placing the Queen of the Nymphs in a forest. A necklace sparkles round her throat, but the pearls are from the royal jewellers. Her train will be troublesome to bear through the thicket forest; but she might woo Endymion himself in such a bodice: it is so discreetly fashioned that the most timid of swains might look on it and yet keep his senses.

From Diana, turn next to Mrs. Middleton, as Plenty, or as Pandora. In the first character she looks like the charming, modest, eldest daughter of the house, in whose service she is bearing from the garden, not a cornucopia, but a freight of fruit for the afternoon dessert. She is, perhaps, more characteristically painted as Pandora. A box full of evils was not a bad symbol. As Plenty, her dress has no particularly winning wave in it, and the full bosom is, at least, half veiled, as if more than that grace were not good for gods or men to behold. As for wantonness or voluptuous negligence, or luxurious magnificence, the picture is full of honest, hearty nature.

In allegory, Lely was weak; yet his Rape of Europa has been pronounced worthy of Laireesse. But Lely cannot be compared with Laireesse in the lumbering apologue which mars Lely's portrait of Lady Falmouth. Yet, of all his portraits, this is said to be the one in which he most nearly equals Vandeyck. The lady had been made a widow by the sea-fight off Harwich, in which her gallant husband was slain. *Therefore*, in the widow's lap lies a cannon-ball, a real four-and-twenty

pounder, with her hand slightly resting on it. The grief, symbolized by the ball, is apparently heavy, but it was probably not so heavy as it seemed, for the lap bears hardly an impress of the weight. The lady's left hand is keeping the young widow's somewhat too loose drapery together, which falls from her bosom, as such drapery does from that of a *péronnelle* in the illustration to a French love-song. In truth, it fell to similar purpose, and accomplished Dorset was but too happy to lay his head on the bosom which had been the loved pillow of gallant Falmouth.

As it was impossible, even for Lely, to make the audacious Lady Southesk look like a repentant Magdalen, he has painted her trying to look like one, and he failed in the attempt. This lady carries her capacious bust, and a pile of drapery that might hedge in a thousand sacred virtues, to a covert in a wood; but she has not the air of a Mary who is likely to cast herself to the ground in sorrow, and lean painfully on her elbow in perusal of a book that teaches only wisdom. On the other hand, Lady Chesterfield's pure, grave expression might have subdued a Puritan. The figures in the background might be taken for little Loves, carrying away between them the sweet flowers of life, and leaving nothing in their place. Again, the most straight-laced virtue might go abroad in such becoming folds as cling round Lady Rochester, and never be ashamed. Most of a Precisian looks Anne Digby, subsequently Countess of Sunderland. This modest Anne shields her own breast that it may not be seen to sigh. The Earl of Sunderland, as versatile in love as he was in politics and in religion, was under promise to her; but he broke his vow, begged he might not be asked why, and then married the lady after all. He was the son of Dorothea, Countess of Sunderland, Waller's *Sacharissa*, whom Lely also painted during her long widowhood, and with an effect which again brought him in close affinity with Vandeyck. There is no fear of Anne Digby's drapery falling, if she move—an accident which some think would certainly happen to the Duchess of Somerset. But those who think so should mark how the lady's right hand so holds it as to make it safe under the most active emergency. Again, how true a lady is seen in the portrait of the Countess of Northumberland! The figure, full of life, and marked by grace, is

worthy of Sir Joshua. The landscape has a natural beauty that would have won the generous praise of Gainsborough.

Walpole's objections to Lely are inapplicable to the portrait of Lady Whitmore, and more so to that of the belle Jenings (subsequently Duchess of Tyrconnel): *she* has no *cliquant*, no absurd superflux of robes to drag through woods and brooks. The belle Jenings is, in Lely's portraiture, a mild, modest beauty, quaintly but becomingly dressed. George Fox might have looked on the face without discerning wantonness, and on the dress without recognizing either voluptuousness or negligence. If there be one in the bevy of "Windsor Beauties" obnoxious to such censure as Walpole has showered indiscriminately on the whole, it is the Querouaille (Duchess of Portsmouth). She is a true French courtesan. *Lorette, cocotte* and *péronnelle* are combined in her. She is here an Arcadian shepherdess, in skirts that would take Audrey's breath away only to look at. To suppose that Audrey could have stood under a tree as this "beauty" does, with no more of the woman about her veiled than there is in a mermaid, would be to do Audrey infinite wrong. She would cry heartily at the thought of it.

Perhaps the most glorious of all these portraits is that of Lady Denham. The full-blown flowers in her lap symbolize the perfection to which the style of this haughty beauty had reached. The portrait, however, with which Sir Peter himself was infinitely pleased, was that of the belle Hamilton. The exquisite creature looks as if she was *posing* for a saint, and was enduring the trouble (saving a certain playfulness) *like* one. Lely finished few pictures so exquisitely as this. He confessed to having a particular pleasure in this special work. The Duke of York, says Grammont, "took a delight in looking at it, and began again to ogle the original."

When these portraits were hung up in the Duke of York's house, Pepys was among the many who went to gaze at them. His comment in his diary is "Good, but not like." Dryden insinuates of Lely, under the guise of "a late noble painter," that the common opinion was that Lely "drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like." The reason assigned is that Lely "studied himself more than those who sat to him." A better judge, Vertue, attributes the cause of the work being less true in resemblance than in handling to the cir-

cumstance that Lely "was not so firm and true in his lineaments, as he was an excellent colourist and of a fine freedom of pencil." This excellence of colour and freedom of pencil are manifest in Lely's Nell Gwynn. The portrait may not be a perfect likeness, for Nell's saucy hilarity of expression is not represented. The head, however, has a certain boyishness of character in it. In her soft, pensive mood, innocence, sweetness, and delicacy of sentiment, with her hand tenderly resting on and carrying a lamb, the figure might suggest a young St. John. The wanton undress and the boundless expanse of bosom soon disperse the suggestion. The character of the woman is perfectly interpreted.

Lely painted Nell in more moods than one. The most casual glance at her likeness in the National Portrait Gallery would not lead to the most transitory thought that the lady there is a nun. She is half fashionably, half fantastically dressed. Her hair is of the court, not of the desert. She is seated in a garden, attired in a dress that has now an almost dead-leaf colour, and over it and about it sweeps and falls, and clings and hangs, one of the loveliest of Lely's lovely blue draperies. The hands are exquisitely painted. One of them is nearly laid on the heart, but a finger points towards a side-walk, and there is a speaking, laughing expression on the lips and in the eyes, as if she were making some allusion to the king, and Lely had stirred her mirth by some saucy reply.

Not merely as compared with Nell, but purely of itself, Lely's portrait of Mary Davies, another "Miss" of the king's, is that of the most modest, refined, and attractive of maidens. The face is sad and full of thought. The warm auburn hair falls about it in natural curls, and the eyes are life-like, liquid, and with a slightly startled expression, as if she would fain not be surprised sitting on a bench in a retired garden-nook, in that attire. Yet there is abundance of it, the ever exquisite Lely blue over a tender, now somewhat faded, white. In the sad, soft expression of the lovely face, Lely has transmitted a warrant of the touching effect with which Mary Davies sang, "My lodging is on the cold ground." Looking on the two portraits, the Lords Petre might justifiably be prouder of Moll Davies for an ancestress than the Dukes of St. Albans of Nell Gwynn.

Nowhere has Lely given better proof

of his power to paint character than in his portraits of the Duke of Buckingham and the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury. The latter is very simple in its details. A circlet of pearls round the throat is the sum of all decoration. The dress is not particularly loose. The face, however, with its voluptuous lips, handsome animal flesh and feature, and audacious eyes, is the face of a woman who might stand by as a page to see her husband murdered in a duel by her lover. And the portrait of that lover is a perfect pendant. It is grandly robed; but the peer's insignia cannot humanize a face which is bursting with sensuality, and a fat pollution of its own. He is evidently the man who took that woman home to the house where his own wife, Fairfax's daughter, kept her sorrowful state. When she was aware of the intrusion, the Duchess moved towards the door, with the remark that it was not fitting for her to be under the same roof with the woman who accompanied him. "I know that," said the Duke, "and I have left my coach at the door, to take you to your father's."

Lely's portraits of the second Duchess of York (afterwards Queen Mary of Modena) are sufficient to show that he was not a mere meretricious painter. She was but fifteen when she came a bride to England. Lely then painted her in the character of Innocence; and the exquisite grace and simplicity of the work, its power in design, and its purity in colour and sentiment, charmed every one who had both heart and eyes. Lely is said to have never wearied of portraying this duchess, who was such a contrast with her heavy predecessor, Anne Hyde. Indeed, the painter's power is manifested in his contrasts. Lely's Mary of Modena is almost a spiritual being. His Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, is a living, vigorous substantiality. One may believe that the painter looked not only *at* but *through* that most unhappy of villains. The passion in the heart is reflected in the expression on the face. There is vigour, too, in many of Lely's female portraits. Walpole had no ground for saying that Lely, wanting taste, supplied *clinquant*. Lely did not always dress his nymphs in "fantastic night-gowns fastened with a single pin." Whenever he *did*, the lapses of dress, the hair flung free, these indicated the fashion of the time. "The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul" was the languid mode of the day, and Lely matched it by costume,

or the lack of it. Yet the ladies are ladies still; saucy, it may be, in a high and haughty way.

Lely acquired more money and contemporary fame by his female portraits than by those of men. In his flattery to old female sitters he has scarcely been outdone by Lawrence or by Ross. His flattery (let it be avowed) trenched on caricature. His second portrait of Catherine of Braganza, when old, in a chemise relieved by a broad scarf, has been not inappropriately described as looking more like a bloated child cheated of a box of sugar-plums than a corpulent, middle-aged, ill-used woman. Lely's Prince Rupert is reckoned to be as near to Vandyck as any male portrait Sir Peter ever painted, and there is in it the presentiment of a soldier and a gentleman, of a leader in the field, and of a man who would not be out of place either in a library or a boudoir. Lely's Earl of Essex, at Knole, is full of dignity and also of a commonplace nature bespeaking a gentleman who had every-day work to do in the world and was prepared to do it. Fifty years after Lely was dead, Harris of Saulsbury was looking at the artist's portrait of Sir William Temple, "where," as he wrote to Highmore, "the austerity of everything that surrounds seems purposely intended to give life and vigour to the countenance, and there fix the attention of the spectator." It is the best possible guess at a true master's intention. Nagle asserts that Lely's Horace Townshend, his Alderman La Neve, in Robes, his Earl of Sandwich (an object of Pepys' idolatry), and his last portrait of Charles the First, manifest a master-power in heroic portraiture quite equal to that of Vandyck. As much may be said of Lely's portrait of Thomas Stanley, the author of a now forgotten "History of Philosophy." In this work Lely, in painting the eyes, has reflected the philosophy or heroism, the thought or resolution of the mind. You may see that Stanley's head is full of brains. Even when Lely had to deal with fashions against which Vandyck had never to contend, he contrived to keep the *man* intact. His Henry Jermyn (afterwards Earl of St. Albans) is all heavy robes and cat-aract peruke. The individual is not heroic, though Henrietta Maria loved, if she did not marry, him. He looks like a man who would play cards till and after he was blind, as he did, some one telling him the points. Under all that heap of robes there is a breathing being of so many stone weight. The head is wig

and nothing else, but the face is not a mere mask on a block, as in the careless portraits of Verrio and Kneller.

After Lely established himself in Covent Garden in 1662 his pupils could not have much profited by the study of their master, if he was as reserved to all as he is said to have been to Greenhill and Buckshorn. He would not permit them, we are told, to see him mix his colours, to observe how he laid them on, nor how he marked or distributed them with his pencil. They were obliged, so goes the story, to watch him by stealth, and peep at him from hiding-places. On the other hand, we learn from Vertue's MSS. that the two Beales, brother and sister, were allowed to look over Sir Peter as he worked, and even to criticise him most freely, that from his explanations they might learn to snatch graces of their own when before their own easels in the street hard by. While Lely was engaged, in 1666, on the portrait of the Duchess of York at the Duke's lodgings in Whitehall Pepys contrived to overlook him. He has recorded his delight at observing that the painter had not succeeded nearly so well at getting a likeness of the Duchess, in two or three sittings, as he had of Mrs. Pepys, on the first attempt. Pepys gave Lely's "fellow" a piece of money for permission to enter the artist's studio and to see, among other rare things, this portrait of the Duchess of York, just finished. Pepys saw at once the hand of no ordinary master in this work, "her whole body sitting in state in a chair, in white satin, and another of the King's that is not finished, most rare things!" He was still more ecstatic when he saw *gratis* what he calls "the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine. A most blessed picture!" The amateur compared the foreign artist with English painters. He weighed Lely's "Duchess" with Wright's; "but Lord, the difference!" is his summary criticism. He measured the Westphalian against Hailes, who had painted Pepys' father, and was one of Lely's rivals. Pepys is sorry, but "Lely's pictures are without doubt much beyond Mr. Hailes's."

Lely was modest when estimating himself. "Sir Peter," said one of the sons of Folly, at Charles the Second's court, "how did you get your reputation? You know you are no great painter." "I know I am not," said Lely calmly, "but I am the best you have." His royal patrons were munificent for the time. For

the portraits of Charles the Second and his queen, Lely received one hundred pounds.

In the estimation of Pepys, Lely was fond of a pompous way of living. The Lord Keeper Guilford found him a perfect gentleman. Lely conversed so charmingly on his own art that his hearers, if they could not become, by listening, infallible judges, at least fell in love with the art itself, and had a longing to buy pictures. Lely knew the history of his art better than he knew any other history; and he had the materials of knowledge curiously arranged for the sake of reference. He cut out of the "Colonna Trajani" all the historical part, "contenting himself with so much, and no more, as touched the profession of a painter, without that of a scholar." Pepys, who tells us this, calls Lely "a proud man and full of state," because Pepys saw "in what pomp Lely's table was laid," in his house in Covent Garden, "for himself to go to dinner." Pepys was astounded at the extent of Lely's practice. Lely's portrait of the Earl of Sandwich had inspired Pepys with a desire to have a copy of the work. The painter answered that his time was fully engaged for the next three weeks. Subsequently, when the Duke of York had given Lely a commission to paint the Duke's flag-captains, one of those heroes, Sir William Penn, accompanied Pepys to arrange for a sitting. Lely was so "full of work" that "he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed; and appoints six days hence for him to come between seven and eight in the morning." At a later period, Lely's hours for work were from nine to four; and he was very independent in his bearing with the noblest and proudest of his sitters. If the most imperious duke or most wayward duchess failed to appear at the time appointed, Lely, or Lely's porter, would transfer the name of the offender to the bottom of the artist's list of engagements, and the transgressor had to wait for a new turn till that list had been duly worked out. On this point Lely was inexorable.

There are two different accounts of the rate at which Lely worked. A well-known story runs,—that the Duke of York and the Duke of Monmouth being desirous of possessing a portrait of Charles the Second, the first commissioned Lely, while Monmouth gave the work to Kneller. It was to be a sort of "match," whereby the qualities of the respective



artists were to be settled. Kneller's rapid hand and fiery pencil combined to finish the portrait at one sitting. Lely, though bold, was discreet; he took his time, and impatient people pronounced him slow, while fashion went over to Kneller. Even if this be true, it must be remembered that Lely was then in his last days. At an earlier period his pencil could be rapid without failing to be effective; he is known to have executed two heads of Tillotson (for Mr. Beale and for the Rev. Dr. Cradock, Mrs. Beale's father) in chalks and colour in one hour. "Fa Presto" could hardly have outdone that: Kneller would have fallen short of it.

When Charles the Second dubbed Peter Lely knight, and made him a gentleman of the bedchamber, Sir Peter had acquired the right to live like a knight and a gentleman. The painter had saved money, had put it out at interest, and invested it in land. He had estates and honest tenants in both Lincolnshire and Herts; and the great artist was not a stern landlord. When he had the vapours, or when his lady had,—a woman of good family, but so totally unremarkable that she fades out of the household picture altogether,—he could change from his town house to his suburban cottage at Kew, or to a country residence as easily as any nobleman, and with as little uneasy thought about the cost. But he was most at "home" in Covent Garden, where he lived indeed a deservedly "mighty proud man," with infinite grandeur but without selfishness. His table was not laid out in state exclusively for his own gratification. He gathered his friends around it, enjoyed with them the delights he had earned, and partook with them of the generous fare he had already paid for. His cellars were rich in favourite liquids, from rare wines to the then still popular *mun*. Curious clocks, rich furniture, antique cabinets, stately beds, quaint mirrors, costly plate and jewels, these were only small matters in a house where the artist had brought together the noblest private collection of pictures then existing in England, and among them were six and twenty Vandycks. Next to them and to the art by cunning exercise of which they were produced, Sir Peter loved music. Half a dozen caged singing-birds made his house and garden joyous. His violins, his bass-violos, his theorbos, and his harpsichords discoursed to him most exquisite music while he sat at dinner, when, Na-

gle says, he was fed with sweet sounds as well as with rich viands. In summer, fancy may see him and his group of familiars assembled on his lawn, which extended up to Long Acre, while amateurs or professional friends touched the instruments he kept for harmonious use. Lely's "books of devotion" may justify us in the conclusion that he was not far from godliness; and his "bathing-tubs" show that he was beyond his age, and loved what is next to godliness—cleanliness. These items we gather from his executors' accounts.

Lely was adding money to money, and acre to acre, by his daily work in Covent Garden, when a thought came over him of the great hereafter, and a desire to set his house in order, that his two young children might enter without trouble on their succession. A courtier, who loved art and Sir Peter, took the latter by the sleeve and introduced him to the then Attorney-General North. North frightened "the old gentleman," as North called him, by urgent counsel to make an immediate settlement, as in spite of his naturalization, if he were to die intestate his estate might go to the Crown. North arranged this important affair, and took no fees. He was well paid, nevertheless. Lely gave him several portraits, "and between them," says Roger North, in his Life of the Lord Keeper, "this was called commuting of faculties."

In the beginning of the year 1679 Lely made his will. In a few words, he leaves all to his young daughter Anne and his little son John. His Lincolnshire estates, his rents, in short, all he possessed, was then bequeathed, with ample means for the education of the son, and an especial three thousand pounds to Anne, to be put out at the interest of five or six per cent., and to be applied for her support till she was eighteen or got married. In case of the children dying before they were of age to execute a testament, Lely thought of the sole survivor of his old home in Westphalia. To his sister Kate Maria Weck, widow of Conrad Weck, once burgomaster of Groll, in Guelderland, and to her children, he gave the reversionary interest. And having thus provided for his kin, Sir Peter seems to have thought of his friends and of something to be done for them *by-and-by*. "As to legacies," he says quaintly, "to my particular friends and to servants, I hope it will please God to afford me leisure and opportunity to declare my mind therein by a codicil." Sir Peter,



however, does not appear to have found either, during the troubled year in which he signed the document.

He still had time to work. Among Lely's latest productions was his best known portrait of the second Duchess of York. The Duchess sat for it previous to the journey which she made to Scotland in company with the Duke. She is, moreover, in her habit as she lived; in a dress of scarlet and gold, with a tucker and undersleeves of the fairest lawn. Over the shoulders and bosom there is a "cataract" of beautiful hair, falling from the most classical of heads. A scarf of blue (the edges of gold and pearls) crosses the dress obliquely, rests in rich profusion in the lap, and descends in copious folds of drapery to the ground. She is sitting in one of Lely's best garden scenes, beneath a tree entwined by roses and honeysuckles. The portrait is remarkable for its feminine dignity and its sweet expression. It was painted as a gift to the Duke of Rothes, who was to be the host of the royal pair in Scotland, and it is still one of the chief ornaments of Leslie House. This portrait is probably the very last of the works which Lely lived to finish. It was begun in the year 1679, and the career of the great artist was then drawing to a close. In the following February (1680), a young lady of great fame, rank, and beauty was sitting to him in his room in Covent Garden—Elizabeth, daughter of Josceline, Earl of Northumberland, and wife of Lord Ogle, whom she had married in the previous November, when she was only fourteen years of age. She was afterwards contracted to "Tom of ten thousand," Thynne of Longleat, and was subsequently Duchess of Somerset. One of the first portraits painted by Lely, in England, was that of her father, Josceline, Earl of Northumberland, when the Earl was a little boy. His last, but unfinished, portrait was that of Josceline's daughter. While engaged upon it, the pencil slipped from his hand, and a fit of apoplexy closed the career of this great painter forever. He died the same day; and his enemies said that he died all the sooner at hearing his doctor speak in praise of Kneller!

The succession to his formal Court appointment was vacant till March 1685, when Antonio Verrio was, in the words of Luttrell's Diary, made the King's "chief and first painter in the place of Sir Peter Lely, deceased."

Sir Peter was buried, like a knight and

a gentleman, by torchlight. The procession had not far to go to the old church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The torches and wax cost more than the coffin. Seven pounds the former and five pounds additional to the bearers, while the coffin cost but six. The apothecary received twelve pounds for embalming Sir Peter, and the herald-painter a few shillings over sixteen pounds for executing the bright and garish 'scutcheons of arms which glittered in the torchlight to the admiration of the Piazza mob. Altogether, the funeral charges reached a hundred and seventy-five pounds, minus five shillings.

The executors' accounts show what activity reigned in Lely's studio immediately after his death. Walton was there appraising and varnishing the part of the collection that was to be first sold. Lancrinck was running to and from his lodgings in the north-west corner of the Piazza to his old master's house in the north-east, where he made the inventory, estimated prices, and placed the pictures in the best lights. At other times, Lancrinck and Sonnius (Van Son) were busily engaged in completing the portraits or the backgrounds and accessories which Sir Peter had left unfinished. On some occasions, the studio was crowded with artists giving last touches, for love or money, to pieces which Lely had not had leisure to terminate. Among them were brilliant Roestraten, careful Tilson, and eccentric Wissing, with inferior workmen, such as Nason, Warton, and Landervert, a trio of "journeymen painters" of the time. Mr. Baptist figures among the more dignified artists engaged in conveying graces to Sir Peter's uncompleted pictures. "Mr. Baptist" was the familiar name of Gaspars, the Antwerp painter, whom Lely had long retained as an assistant. Gaspars earned at this work £56; Wissing was paid about £30; Sonnius £20, and Lancrinck about £12. Of the latter sum, £9 was paid to him for finishing Sir Peter's portrait of Sir Thomas Deerham; a few shillings were considered enough for completing copies from other masters, which Lely had commenced and had then put aside.

The most curious scene in Lely's studio occurred when his brother artists looked over his properties. He possessed a variety of costumes and materials for them, which would have made wardrobes for a score of theatres. There was Lancrinck turning over the embroidered dresses, and Wissing and Gaspars

holding up to admiration the glittering tiffanies, the gay taffetas, the silks, sad and light-coloured, the pearl satins, the grey satins, the ash satins, the crimson, violet, blue, and emerald satins; the sleeves, the skirts, the "tiffany white and red shifts," the laced shirts, the gorgeous petticoats, the marvellous waistcoats, and the Isabella cloth of gold; and they bought largely, as if from the old materials they could catch the master's power. Wissing carried off silken gear, and by help of it imitated Lely more closely than ever. "Mr. Baptist" doubtless turned all his bright purchases to good account in his draperies and tapestry. As for Lancrinck, he bought not only such brilliant articles as those above mentioned, but Sir Peter's palettes and pencils. Lancrinck, indeed, purchased so largely, that he was fain to complete more of Lely's unfinished works, in part payment. Moreover, "for pains at the first sale," Lancrinck was allowed a commission of ninepence in the pound, and he put nearly a hundred pounds in his pocket by an agency which a respectable artist would not in these days think becoming. At the first sale, Lancrinck purchased forty-nine pictures for £206. Among them was a "Psyche," by Rubens, £41. For "Van Tromp," he gave £6, and 10s. more for "A Lucrece of Sir Peter's after Titian." Richard Cromwell was not in favour, his portrait (it is not said by whom) was knocked down at £2 10s. A "Cupid of Fiamingo" fetched more than Rubens's "Psyche," namely, £145; Mr. Baptist being the buyer. Tilson succeeded in obtaining "an original of Sir Peter," for a poor £10. Wissing gave one pound more for an original of "Mr. Hughes;" while Streater, the scene painter, bought a whole-length, a half, and two heads, for £6 and an odd shilling; Sonnius (Van Son), perhaps as an agent for other artists, laid out nearly £400 in originals, and about £50 for copies. In purchasing for himself he was as fortunate as Wissing or Streater, in obtaining seven pictures out of the collection—originals and copies—for £24. Riley, luckier still, carried off from Lely's collection to his own studio, portraits of the Duchess of Lauderdale, the Dukes of York, Monmouth, and Ormond, and Sir William Swan, for £20. Beale, however, perhaps surpassed Riley in good fortune. For himself, or for his more clever wife, Beale bought portraits of the Duchess of Mazarin and Lady Norris, with a girl's head, and three or

four pictures on panel, and all for £8 15s. With the above group of lively artists there appeared the greatest actor of his own, and perhaps of any time—the grave, handsome Thomas Betterton. He was a well-known collector of pictures, and he came now to Covent Garden, to take from the collection there, and add to his own, close by, in Great Russell Street. His purchases comprised: "Venus and Adonis, a scisse (*sic*) of Titian," for £13, a "Fortune Teller of Giorgione," £24, and a "Man and Dog of Anthony More," £22. Three pictures by three foremost men, and not £60 for the three!

Among the company, too, was Anthony Grey, Earl of Kent, who was so famous for his collection of books. Philip Sydney, Earl of Leicester, was there, looking out for pictures wherewith to decorate the great house his father had built in Leicester Fields. Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, who with one eye was as good a judge of a picture as any man with two, with Lords Grandison, Vaughan, Berkeley, and Newport, also took personal interest in the great sale. The first was uncle of the Duchess of Cleveland, an honest man enough to scowl at Lely's glowing portrait of his niece. Old Lord Vaughan was an object of attraction as the protector of Jeremy Taylor. Lord Berkeley was probably there in search of pictorial decorations for the house which his father had erected in Piccadilly. Connoisseurs and amateurs were exceedingly well represented. Among them were Sir Peter Parker, Sir Nathaniel Napier, Sir Richard Temple, Sir Allen Apsley, Sir John Brownlow, and Sir James Oxenden. The chief singularity about Sir Allen Apsley's purchases, or rather his payments for them, was, that when he went to deposit the money at Child's, the banker, fifteen pounds of it were refused by the clerk or cashier as "suspicious!"

Lord Peterborough, for a Christ, by Paul Veronese, gave £200. Mr. R. Mountague, for "37 Grizailles," of Vanduyck, £115. Mr. Drax, of Dorsetshire, bought a "Dutch Family" for £100. The Earl of Kent, for a "Venus and Cupid, of Paris Perdon" (*sic*) gave £105. For a portrait of Tom Killigrew, by Vanduyck, Lord Newport gave £83. For two pounds less, the Earl of Shrewsbury obtained "A Tantalus of Titian," and for 30s., "A little picture with a ruff." Sir James Oxenden took away with him to his old house at Dene, in Kent, six pictures, including "A Jeweller of Anthony

More," at the cost of £245, the "Jeweller" being worth all the money. Sir Richard Temple was quite as fortunate. Four pictures from this Lely collection cost him £51, among them was the "Wife of Rubens," which was sold for £15. The highest sum given for a foreign picture was £252 for "The Four Bassas," but the name of artist or purchaser is not given.

Among Sir Peter's pictures, the work of his own hand, are recorded, an unfinished half-length of the Duke of Grafton, sold for £15, and an unfinished sketch of Nell Gwynn, £25. For a copy of Sir Peter's half-length of Charles the Second, Roger North gave £2 10s. Lord Grandison gave £20 for a half-length of "Mrs. Villers," an original of Sir Peter's, while Lord Berkeley got a three-quarter Cromwell for 18s. This was as cheap as Ravenscroft's bargain, "The Judgment of Solomon," of Peter Van Teed, £6! The first sale realized nearly £6000, and subsequently, an eight days' sale of part of Sir Peter's wonderful collection of drawings and prints brought in nearly £2500. The prices seldom varied, or, rather, there was always the same variety. Of twenty-four portraits described in the executors' accounts as "originals," twelve were of ladies. Altogether, they fetched four hundred and seventy-three pounds. The highest bid was for the "Duchess of Richmond," namely, fifty pounds. The lowest, for a half-length outline of "Lady Mundy," and an unfinished portrait of "Lord Hyde," one pound each. Thirteen "copies" were sold for forty-six pounds thirteen shillings, at rates varying between one pound and twelve.

At no time during this protracted sale was any agent present to purchase on the part of Government. Esteemed as Lely had been by the king and royal family, they seem to have been satisfied with such portraits as he had painted of or for them. Of his other works, or of the Titians, Claudes, Paul Veroneses, Rubens, and Vandycks (more than two dozen of the latter), not one was bought by the court. Lely's "Prince Rupert" and a "Charles the Second" are at Windsor, the National Gallery containing no sample of the artist's handiwork.

The home life of Lely is brought before us in the executors' accounts of sums paid to creditors. Mr. Soaper, the artist's "barber," was paid £7, and Mr. Valentine £6 for the last perwig which Sir Peter wore. The collector of "chimney mon-

ey" called for his obnoxious due, and received 18s. The last half-year's rent of the fine old house is paid. The sum is in one place put down as £20, it is called a quarter's rent, and the sum in another £25. Sir Peter's "great bed, bedding, and chair" fetched £56. The "great clock" realized £35; more than the musical instruments were sold for, though these had some lofty personages among the buyers. Lord Chief Justice North carried off many lots, pearls, lace, and among other things, Lely's bass viol. The violin went for £15, the "harpsicals" for £10, the theorbo for half the latter sum, and the half-dozen birds and four cages were handed over to the purchaser for the respectable sum of £8. While some bid for the wine and claret, one individual carried off a memorial of the defunct in the shape of his wig-block. Whoever got the painter's "eight books of devotion" obtained so many aids to a pious life at a low rate, 11s.; and as for the "bathing tubs," they were part of a miscellaneous lot, and are not to be estimated. The popular story runs that the sale of the pictures continued for forty days. It continued, at intervals, for many years. As soon as the first enthusiasm a little subsided, the executors stopped the sale; and when the public appetite was whetted for more of the rich supply from Lely's stores, the sale was renewed, being again occasionally interrupted, as the world was busy about lords getting their necks into peril through treason, or while the Londoners were flocking to see the "great strange beastie, the Rhynoceros," which was being exhibited at *Belle Sauvage*, on Ludgate Hill. In this way the sale of Lely's pictures and drawings was carried on till towards the close of the century. In the intervals, his house was hired for other sales.

One of the adjourned sales of Lely's treasures is announced in the *London Gazette*, February, 1687: "Upon Monday in Easter Week," it says, "will be exposed by public auction, a most curious and valuable collection of drawings and prints made with great expenses and care by the late Sir Peter Lely, painter to his late majesty. The drawings are of all the most eminent masters of Italy, being originals, and most curiously preserved. The prints are all the works of Marc Antonio, after Raphael and other the best Italian masters; and of the best impressions, and good prints, in good condition, and carefully preserved. Some are double

and treble. The sale will be at the house in Covent Garden, where Sir Peter Lely lived."

That sale, which had commenced under Charles the Second, and was carried on during the reign of James, extended far into that of William the Third, before it concluded. In 1694, when one of Lely's executors, Roger North, occupied "the house in Covent Garden where Sir Peter Lely lived," the final sale was announced in the *London Gazette* for September 17-20, A.D. 1694: "On the 2nd October, from 5 to 9 at night, will be exposed for sale, at Mr. Walton's house in Holborn Row Side, next door but one from the corner going to Queen Street, the remains of Sir Peter Lely's curious collection of prints and drawings of the best Italian masters. The collection will be laid open three days before, and may be seen." From first to last, the sale produced about £26,000.

To complete this story there remain but a few words to be said. Lely's daughter, a young lady with some infirmity in the eyes, was enabled by her father to live in ease as she also did in privacy. She died young. The son John, while a boy, was well cared for by his trustees. Their accounts show that they kept him in succulents and sweetmeats and "reasons." They furnished him with money for "plays, and Christmas-boxes for ushers," generally a guinea, reckoned at twenty-three shillings; and they paid about forty pounds a year for his schooling. Only on one occasion is there any trace of the son's connection with his father's calling, in an account of "money spent on prints and crayons." No more is heard of him till 1728, when the *Historical Register* has among its "deaths" the simple entry, "Nov. 5, John Lely, Esq., son of Sir Peter Lely, the famous painter." This John Lely left a son of the same name, who was so celebrated in his own day that after his death, in 1737, the poet of the *Gentleman's Magazine* broke out into verse at once elegiac and eulogistic. The bard especially praises the excellence of the portraits of women by this grandson of Sir Peter, and he names a whole roll of aristocratic beauties whose charms will "survive themselves," because they will live forever on John Lely's canvases. His "Lady Torrington" can "move without life, and in effigie charm." John Lely's "manly genius," it is said, "scorn'd the beaten ways."

Hence, thy Eliza can in absence move  
And melt the frozen anchorite to love.

John Lely's power of representing character is shown by his illustration of "awful piety," in his "Lady Sunderland," while the charming Ranelagh, on his canvas, may defy death, and be beautiful forever, that is,

Till painting cease and art herself expire.

The poet even claims for this artist an equality with Sir Peter, not merely in portraiture, but in the noble accessories which enhanced the grace of his pictures. In depicting meadows, plains and woods and fountains, "there all his grandsire in the painter lived."

The Lely story ends unhappily. Estate and fortune (nine hundred pounds a year) came to nothing, or went to Sir Peter's nephew, Weck, of Groll, in Guelderland. However this may be, the widow of the above-named grandson of Lely was rescued from deep distress by the charity of the Free Society of Artists, and she ended her days in Megg's Almshouses, Mile End.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

##### CHAPTER XIII.

THE school that Valentine Ross, Lord Eskside's grandson and heir, was sent to was, naturally, Eton. His father had been educated there, but not his grandfather, who belonged to an older fashion in education as in everything else, and was Scotch to his fingers' tips, and to every shade of idea in his mind. Valentine was placed with the brother of the tutor who had succeeded so indifferently with his early training—a kind of mingled compensation for that failure, and keeping up of old associations—for Mr. Grinder's father had been Richard's tutor—which satisfied Lord and Lady Eskside. The boy's departure was no small trial to the old people. Each of them said something to him privately before he went away. Lord Eskside took him out for a last walk, and showed him the new feus that had been marked out, and told him confidentially—recognizing for the first time his partially grown-up condition—of the improvements he had been making, and the additions to the rent-roll of the estate which the feus would make—"enough to pay your school expenses, Val," he said; and then he gave his grandson his parting advice.



"You have not to make your living by learning," said the old lord, "therefore I don't bid you give every moment to it that health allows; but a good scholar is always a credit to every rank in life; and if a thing is worth doing at all, it's worth doing well. But there are other things at Eton besides books. A man in the position you will hold should know men like himself—not only the outside of them, but their ways of thinking, and what's working in their heads. The working of young heads is a sign how the tide's going; and I want you, if it's in you, Val, some time or other, to go on the top of the tide—not just to be dragged with the swing of it, like common lads. You're too young for that at present, but when you're old enough you must try to get into what societies they have—debating, or the like. I don't know very well what you're going to turn to. You have good abilities—very good abilities—and plenty of spirit when you like; and mind, to give all that over to play, and nonsense games, is bairnly, not manly—I would have you recollect that."

"Do you mean cricket, grandpapa?" said Valentine, with astonished eyes.

"I mean everything that turns a gentleman into a player, sir," said the old lord, knitting his brows; "setting sport above the honest concerns of this life and the ruling of the world—which is what young men of good family are born for, if they like to put their hand to their work. To set up a game in the highest place is bairnly, Val—mind what I say to you—and not manly. If you mean to put your life into cricket, you had better make up your mind to earn your bread by it, and give up the other trade I'm speaking of—which is not to say you may not play to amuse yourself," he added, dropping from the seriousness of the previous address, "and, in moderation, as much as you like; only never make a business of a mere pleasure. I am taking you into my confidence," Lord Eskside continued, after a little pause. "I want you to go into public life. Your father will not, and he has his reasons, which are perhaps good enough; and I had not the time nor the possibility when I was young like you. I succeeded early for one thing; and a Scotch representative peer does not cut much of a figure in politics. But you, my boy, have little chance of succeeding early. If your father lives to be as old as I am, you have a long career before you—and you'll mind my advice."

"Yes, grandpapa," said the boy, bewildered. Valentine was proud, yet much confounded, to be thus advanced to the position of his grandfather's confidant, and spoken to as if he were on the verge of the university, instead of entering at fourteen a public school. He did his best to understand, with eyes intent upon the old man's face.

"The secret of all success, Val," said the old lord, "is to know how to deny yourself. It does not matter very much what the object is. That's one advantage about even these games I was speaking of. Training, as they call it, is a good thing, an excellent thing. If you once learn to get the whip-hand of yourself, that's the best education. There is nothing in this world like it, Val. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man; and, without this, all other education is good for next to nothing. Other people, no doubt, can do you harm more or less, but there is no living creature can do you the harm yourself can. I would write that up in gold letters on every school, if I had it in my power. Not that I like asceticism—far from it—but a man is no man that cannot rule himself."

Lord Eskside paused with a sigh, while the boy looked at him with eyes and ears intent, taking in the words, but not all or indeed much of their meaning. And here I think Val's attention began to wane a little; for he had not the slightest clue to the thoughts into which the old man plunged, almost against his will—the dismal recollections of shipwreck which crowded into his mind as he spoke. "We won't enter into the subject at length," he resumed; "but, Val, you have more than ordinary occasion to be upon your guard."

"Why have I more than ordinary occasion?" said the boy, wondering and curious; this mysterious intimation immediately roused him up.

"Ah, well, we'll say nothing about that. You've wild blood in you, my boy; and when you're a man, you'll remember that I gave you sound advice. These are the great things, Val. I don't need to tell you to be good, for I hope you know your duty. Try and never do anything that you would think shame to have told to us; you may be sure sooner or later that it will be told to us, and to every soul you want it kept from. There's no such thing as a secret in this world; and the more you want to hide a thing the more it's



known — mind that. For lesser matters, I'll see you have enough of pocket-money, and I hope you'll take care to spend it like a gentleman — which does not mean to throw it away with both hands, mind; and you'll keep your place, and learn your lessons like a man; and you'll write regularly to your grandma; and God bless you, Val!"

Saying this, the old lord wrung the boy's hand, and turned off down a side path, leaving him alone in the avenue. Lord Eskside's shaggy eyebrows were working, and something strangely like tears welled up somehow from about his heart, and stood in two pools, unshed-dable, under these penthouses. Not for all he had in the world would he have let that moisture drop in sight of living man.

Val was somewhat startled by this abrupt withdrawal, and tried hard, without being quite able, to make it out, what it meant; for the notion that he himself was supremely loved by his old grandfather was one that did not immediately enter into the boy's mind, far from all sentimental consciousness as boys' minds generally are. He went up thoughtfully to the house, but I am afraid it was not the wisdom of his grandfather's advice or the contagion of his emotion which moved him. He was wondering what it meant — why *he*, Valentine, should have more than ordinary reason to take care; and what was the wild blood he had in his veins? The wonder was vague; I cannot say that the boy was possessed by any eager longing to penetrate the mystery; but still he wondered, having arrived at a kind of crisis in his life, a thing which makes even a child think. He went in to his grandmother serious, and, as she thought, sad; and Lady Eskside was pleased by the cloud over his face, and set it down to his sorrow at leaving home, putting her own sentiments into Valentine's mind, as we all do.

"You must not be down-hearted, Val," she said, drawing him close to her, and speaking with a quiver in her lip. "When once the shock is over, you will find plenty of new friends, and be very happy. It is natural at your age. It is us that will miss you — oh my bonnie boy! — far, far more than you will miss my old lord and me."

Val did not say anything; he felt his breast swell with a certain soft sympathy, but he was not deeply dismayed at the thought of leaving home, as she supposed. Lady Eskside put her arm round him, and drew her boy close. She was not

ashamed of the tears that came heavily to her eyes.

"My bonnie boy!" she said, "my darling! Ye cannot think what you have been to us, Val — like light to them in darkness; you've made God's providence clear to me, though you're too young to understand why. When you are away, Val, you'll think of that. If anything ill were to happen to you in body or soul, it would break my heart — you'll remember that? Oh, my own boy, be good! There are all kinds at a great school, some not innocent lads like you. You'll shut your ears to bad words and wicked things for my sake? Don't listen to them — but say your prayers night and morning, and read your chapter, and God will protect my boy. Nobody can make you do wrong, Val, except yourself."

"But I don't mean to do wrong, grandma," said Valentine, with a little self-assertion. "Why should you think I would? Is there anything particular about me?"

"There is a great deal particular about you," said the old lady; "you are the hope and the joy of two old folk that would never hold up their heads again in this world if any harm came to you. Is not that enough? But I am not afraid of my boy," she added, seeing that the admonition had gone far enough, and smiling a wintry, watery smile, the best she could muster. "Mind all that Mr. Grinder says too, and don't be too rough in your plays. You're a very stirring boy, Val; but I want my boy to be always a gentleman, and not too rough. Your manners are not so nice as they once were —"

"I'm not a baby any longer," said the boy. "I don't know how to speak to ladies and grand people; but I don't mean to be rough."

"Well, dear, perhaps that is true," said Lady Eskside, with a sigh; "but you'll mind, Val, to be very particular about your manners as well as other things. It's more important than you think."

"I wish you would tell me something, grandma," said Val; "why is it more important than I think? and what do grandpapa and you mean by saying that I need to be on my guard more than others? There must be something particular about me."

"Then your grandpapa has been speaking to you!" said the old lady, with a little vexation, feeling herself forestalled. "I suppose being old we are more particular than most people, and more anx-

ious. Your father, you see, makes no such fuss."

"I don't know anything about my father, grandma."

"Oh, Val, hush! he is at a distance, where duty keeps him; he has never been at home but that once since you came, and he is not a good correspondent; but now that you are at school you must write to him direct, and be sure he will answer. He knows you are safe in our hands."

"That may be," said Val, seriously; "but still, you see, grandma, it's a fact that I don't know much about my father — nor my mother either," he added, suddenly dropping his voice. Since he had been a small child, he had not mentioned her before. Lady Eskside could not restrain a startled movement, which he felt, standing so close to her. The boy lifted his eyes and fixed them on her face.

"Was that her, grandma," he said in a low voice, "that brought me here? and why is she never here now? I know there is something strange about me, for all you say."

"Do you remember her, Val?"

"No," said the boy, somewhat impatiently; "that is I remember *her*, but not to know her now if I saw her. Why do you never speak of her? why is she never here? I think I ought to know."

"Oh, my dear, it's a long story — a long and a sad story," said the old lady. "I wish — I wish I could find her, Val. I have sought for her everywhere, both now and when you were born; but I cannot find her. It is not our fault."

"Where is she?" said the boy. His face was flushed and agitated, his utterance hurried and breathless as if with shame.

"I tell you we cannot find her, Val."

"But she is alive, in the world, *like that?*" said the boy; and drew a long painful breath. Lady Eskside could not tell, and dared not ask, how much Val understood or remembered of his mother and her life when he said these words; and indeed, I think the boy himself would have found it very difficult to tell. He had lost all clear recollection of her in those seven years past, which were just the years in which a child forgets most easily, or remembers most tenaciously, when its recollections are encouraged and cultivated. He recollected dimly his coming to Eskside, and more dimly a life beyond, which was not as his present life, — a curious dull chaos of wanderings and change, with a woman in it, and a play-

fellow, for whom he used to cry of nights. The chief impression on his mind, however, was of the strange difference between that life and his present one. He had escaped out of that into this; and the thought of being made to go back again filled him with a vague alarm. If this woman was his mother, might she not meet him somewhere, claim him, take him back again? This thought filled him with a confused and indescribable horror. He had experienced this strange feeling before now; when he saw caravans passing — when he met a wandering party of tramps on the road — it had occurred to him more than once, what if some one should claim him? though he scarcely knew the ground of his own fears. This had given a curious inarticulate duality to his life. There were two of him. One Valentine Ross, whom he could identify boldly, who was happy and free and beloved — the other, something he did not know. But after his conversation with his grandmother, this vague terror suddenly took shape and form. His mother, his *real* mother, who had a right to him, might claim him, might seize upon him and carry him away. The idea filled him for the moment with mortal terror. He lost the security of childhood, and for the time felt himself involved in that insecurity, that panic, which is more terrible to a child than it ever can be in more mature life. A spasm came into his throat — a pang of shame and outraged feeling — which added to the terror, and made it very hard to bear. His eyes grew wet with a hot-springing moisture, salt and bitter, which seemed to scorch his eyelids. Lady Eskside, partially discovering the agitation in the boy's mind, pressed him closer to her in sympathy and tenderness; but he set his elbow square, and repulsed the fond consoling movement. He was angry with her and with all the world, because he himself was thus separated from all the world, though he was no more than a child.

"I am going out," he said abruptly, with a slight struggle to be free, "to say good-bye to Hunter and the rest. I promised to say good-bye to them. Let me go, grandma; I shall not be long away."

"Come back before dinner, dear. You are to have your dinner with us to-night," said the old lady, kissing his hot forehead as she let him go. He ran from her, and out into the woods, and never drew breath till he reached Hunter the game-keeper's cottage, which was two miles off.

The hot tears dried in the boy's eyes as he ran, swift as an arrow from the bow. It was a half-savage way of relieving the pain in him; yet it did relieve it, probably because of the half-savage blood which was boiling in his veins. He did not feel quite sure that he was safe even in the woods, and flew as if some one were pursuing him. In this panic there mingled no curiosity about his mother — no longing wish to see her — no stirring of filial love, such as one would imagine natural in such a case. Strangely enough, children show little curiosity in most cases about the parents they have lost. It seems so natural to them to accept what is, as absolutely unchangeable, the one only state of affairs they have ever known, as the state which must be, and to which there is no alternative. The very idea of an alternative disturbs the young mind, and wounds it. And Valentine had more than ordinary cause to be disturbed. He was afraid and he was ashamed of that duality in his existence. It mortified him as only a child can be mortified. If he could only forget it, shut it out of his mind for ever! He did not want to hear any more upon the subject, which was hateful to him; he could not bear even to think that any one was aware how much of it he knew. The sight of the little colony of children and dogs at the gamekeeper's was a wholesome distraction to his burdened mind; and fortunately there were many people to be shaken hands with, and to be told of his start to-morrow. "To Edinburgh first, and then to London! My word, Mr. Valentine, but you'll be far afore us all, country folk. And I wouldna wonder but you would see the Queen and the House of Parliament, and a'thing that's splendid," said the gamekeeper's wife. The boy was pleased; the thought of all the novelty to come moved him for a moment; but even the delight of novelty could not banish from his mind his new horror and fear.

He dined with his grand-parents that night as they had promised; and the old people watched him with anxious scrutiny, of which the child was vaguely conscious. They had no insight into the tempest that was surging in his childish bosom, but watched him as wistfully as if they had been the children and he the man, wondering whether "his mother's blood" was working in him, and any wild desire of adventure and vagrancy like hers arising in his mind, or whether he was thinking of and longing for her,

which seemed the most natural supposition. I think had they known the selfish shame and fear which had taken possession of him, both of them would have been disappointed and shocked, even though satisfied. They would have blamed the boy as without natural feeling, and they would have been wrong. The feeling in Valentine's heart was all chaotic, undeveloped. He had found out what was the meaning of the contradiction of two natures in him, the jar of which he had been dimly conscious, without knowing what it was. The struggle itself had been going on within him for years, since the time when a mere child he had suffered and conquered that natural thirst for the out-of-door life to which he had been born. He had stood by his nursery window and gazed out, and beaten his head and his hands against the panes, longing to escape, with a longing which was only recognized as naughtiness, and which by force of circumstances and some innate force of nature he had restrained. The ductile infantine nature had been forced into the new channel, and now thought of the old one with a thrill and shiver of imaginative terror. But no chance light as yet pierced the childish imbroglío of his thoughts. He felt rather than thought that he was in danger; he had lost his happy sense of security; but his mind had not gone further. All this, however, was invisible, as unrevealable, to the two old people, who watched him so anxiously, as their eager watch was to him. He had not left their charge for a day for seven long years, and yet they knew as little of him as you and I, dear reader, know of the child who has never left our side, and has, as it seems, no thought, no object in life apart from ours. How can we tell what that unknown familiar creature will do when set out upon independent life for itself? and how could they tell what was passing in Val's bosom, which had no window to it, any more than have the rest of us? They watched him, consulting each other now and then with their eyes, and said things to him which meant more than the words, but which Val received without thinking at all what they meant. That last night at home was meant to be a solemn one, and would have been so, had Val's mind not been absorbed in its own excitement. Lord Eskside gave him a watch, which made his heart jump for the moment — a gold hunting-watch, such as Val had long admired and longed for, with his initials and crest on the back;

but even this affected him much less than it would have done, had he received it a week—a day before. He was to start early the next morning, and his portmanteaus were packed, and everything ready that night. He went and looked at them before he went to bed, and the higher pulsation of novelty and adventure began to swell in his young veins. The shadow slid still a little further off his heart when Lady Eskside came into his room on her way to her own, as she had done every night for years. Val was not asleep, but only pretended to be so, to avoid any self-betrayal. The boy, peering curiously through his eyelashes, which showed him this little scene as through a veil of tinted gauze, saw the old lady put down her candle, look at him closely, and when she saw him, as she thought, fast asleep, kneel down by his bedside. She said no audible words, but she put her hands together and lifted her face, with tears standing full in her eyes. It was all Val could do not to cry too, and betray himself; the water came welling up, feeling warm within his eyelids, and blurring out the sight before him. After a little while my lady rose, and put her hand softly on his forehead and kissed him; then took up her candle and walked softly away, closing the door carefully after her not to wake her boy. Val felt strangely desolate for the first moment after the door closed, and the soft light and the watchful presence went away. He did not say anything tender within himself, for he was (or had become) a Scotch boy, totally unused to the employment of endearing words. But his small heart swelled, and a sense of soft security, of watchers round him, and ever-wakeful all-powerful love, came to him unawares. He fell asleep directly, and woke in the morning cured of his first trouble, with as light a heart as any schoolboy need have—the shock having gone off with all its consequences, and his mind being too full of his new start, of his new watch, of his long journey—the first he had ever taken—and of Eton at the end, most wonderful of all,—far too full of these things to be sad. He gave his grandmother a hug when the moment came to go away. "I'll be back at Christmas, grandma," he said, between laughing and crying. The old lord was going with his heir, and this "broke the parting very much, so that he bore up like a man," Lady Eskside said afterwards, wishing, I fear, that Val had been a little more "overcome." She shed

tears enough for both of them after the carriage had driven away, with a large box of game—to conciliate Mr. Grinder—fastened on behind. From the window of one of the turrets she could see it driving across the bridge at Lasswade; and there she went, though the stairs tired her, and waved her handkerchief out of the narrow window, and wept at thought of the dreariness he left behind him. It seemed to my lady that there was not one creature left in the great house, or on Eskside, up the water and down the water, save herself: and thus Val made his first start in life.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE boy was, very tired when he arrived in London, and not capable of the hot interest he expected to feel in the great muddy capital, which was one muddle of mean houses, noisy roads, carts and carriages, and crowding people, to his tired perceptions. The day after, he and his grandfather went to Windsor through the mild soft country, half veiled in the "mists and mellow fruitfulness" that distinguish autumn, and warm with the all-pervading and diffused sunshine of the season. How different was the calm slow river, lingering between its placid banks, seeking no coy concealment under cliff or tree, but facing the daylight with gentle indifference, from the wild shy Esk, which played at hide-and-seek with the sunshine, like a flying nymph among the woods! The old lord seemed half inspired by this return to scenes which he remembered so well, though he had not been himself brought up at Eton. "I brought your father here, as I'm bringing you," he said, as they rolled along, round the curves of the railway, looking out upon the distant castle and the river. "You will see plenty of boats on the river in another day, my boy; and if your grandma and I come here next summer, I daresay we shall see you strutting along in all your finery, with flowers in your hat, and a blue shirt." Innocent old lord! he thought his little rustic, just out of the nest, might reach the celestial heights of Eton in a few months, and perhaps—for what limits are there to the presumption of ignorance?—find a place in the Eight in his first summer. But, indeed, I don't really think Lord Eskside's ignorance went so far as this. He said it, not knowing what else to say, to please the boy. They went down together to the great dame's house, full already of small boys settling into their fa-

miliar quarters, upon whom Val looked with all the wondering envy and respect natural to a freshman. He had himself assumed the tall hat for the first time in his life, and the sight of so many tall hats moving about everywhere confused yet excited him. His tutor, who was not his "dame," lived in a tiny house attached to a big pupil-room, and had no accommodation for boys, or for much else, except the blue-and-white china in which his soul delighted. Mr. Gerald Grinder, like his brother Mr. Cyril Grinder, who had been Val's tutor at Eskside, had one of the finest minds of his time; but the chief way in which this made itself evident to the outer world was in his furniture, and the fittings-up of his little house, every "detail" in which he flattered himself was a study. It was a very commonplace little house, but the thought that had been expended on its decoration might have built pyramids—if anything so rude and senseless as building pyramids could have occurred to the refined intelligence of a man of Mr. Gerald Grinder's day. Val gazed at all the velvet brackets, and all the antique cabinets (which had been "picked up" in holiday travels all over the world, and were each the subject for a tale), and all the china, with a sense of failing breath and space too small for him; while his grandfather engaged Mr. Grinder in conversation, and pointed out the boy's peculiarities, as if these characteristics could be of any particular interest to any one out of Val's own family—and the young tutor listened with a smile. "I don't doubt we shall soon know each other," he said suavely, and shook hands with Val, and dismissed him: to receive just such a description of another boy next moment from another anxious parent. "Whether is it Ross or Smith, now, that is the self-willed one, and which is the boy that catches cold?" the young tutor asked himself, when the audience was over. He concluded finally, that the latter case must be Smith's; since he was brought by his mother—a generalization which perhaps was justifiable. Poor Mr. Grinder! he knew all the marks of his china as well as these tiresome people knew, so to speak, the manufacturer's marks on their boys; but how much more interesting was one than the other! He took a walk up to an old furniture shop, where bargains of precious ware were now and then to be had, with a delicious sense of relief when it was too late to expect more

pupils, and fell upon a bit of real Nankin there which refreshed his very soul.

Meanwhile the old lord and his boy strayed about the narrow streets. They went to the bookseller's and bought pictures for Val's room—which, I need not say, were chiefly Landseer's, though, granting the subject, Val was not particular as to the artist—and then they walked to the castle, the grandfather making a conscientious but painful attempt to remember who built the Round Tower, and who was responsible for St. George's Chapel. As to these points, however, or as to the other, Val was not at all exacting, and had no thirst for information. He liked to walk on the terrace better, where the great sunny misty plain before him made his young heart expand with a delightful sense of space and distance, but did not care for the splendid alleys of the Long Walk, which were too formal to please his ill-regulated fancy. And then they went to the river, along the green bank of the Brocas, which touched Lord Eskside's heart with many recollections. "I have walked with your father here fifty times, I should think," said the old lord. "He was not much of a boating man himself, but he was fond of the river. Your father had always what is called a fine mind, Val."

"What is a fine mind?" said the boy, who did not know very much about his father, or care a great deal, if the truth must be told.

"It's rather hard to define," said the old lord, "when you don't possess the article; and you must not learn to generalize too much, my boy; it's a dangerous custom. It is, so far as I've been able to remark, an intellect which pays more attention to the small things than the great in this life; it cares for what it calls the details, and lets the bigger matters shift for themselves."

"Was my father—very good at anything?" asked Val, whom this definition interested but moderately. He had some difficulty in shaping his question; for indeed, having just heard that his father was not a boating man, his curiosity was partially satisfied before expressed.

"Your father has very good abilities," said Lord Eskside—"very good abilities. I wish he would put them to more use. I've been told he was an elegant scholar, Val."

"What is an elegant scholar, grandpa?"

The old lord laughed. "Not me nor



you," he said; "and I doubt if either you or me are the stuff to make one of; but your father was. I'll show you an old school-list at home with his name in it. I've heard his Latin verses were something very fine indeed; Val, Latin verses are grand things. Poetry in English is a thriftless sort of occupation; but dead language makes all the difference. If you ever can make Latin verses like your father, you'll be a great man, Val."

Val never knew whether his grandfather was laughing at him when he adopted this tone. "Is my father a great man?" he asked, with a serious face. "I should like to know a little more about him. I have only seen him once. Once is not much for a fellow to have seen his father; and I was so small then, and never thought of anything."

"Most of us are just as well without thinking," said Lord Eskside, with a suppressed sigh, "except about your work, my boy. You may be sure you will want all your thoughts for your work."

"That is just how you always turn me off," said Val. "I ask you about my father, grandpa, and you tell me about my work. I will do my work," said the boy, with a dogged air, which he sometimes put on; "but why does my father never come home?—why doesn't he care for me? All these fellows there are with their fathers. I like you a great deal better—but *why* doesn't he come?"

"Because he likes his own way," said the old lord, "better than he likes you or me—better than he likes his own country or our homely life. Observe, my boy, this is nothing for you to judge, or make your remarks upon," he added, bending his brows at Val, who was not used to be looked on frowningly. "Your father is no boy like you, but a man, and able to judge for himself. His profession takes him abroad. He will be an ambassador one of these days, I suppose, and represent his sovereign—which is more honour than often falls to the lot of a poor Scots lord."

Val did not make any reply, and the pair continued their walk along the riverside. His father a representative of his sovereign; his mother—. For the last time before he was engulfed by the practical schoolboy life which was more congenial to his years, Val felt the whirl of wonder, the strange chaos of his double life which was made up of such different elements, and lay as it were between two worlds. His panic was gone,

having worn itself out, and no real interest in his unknown mother kept her image before him; but he felt the jar in him of these two existences, so strangely, widely separated. His head felt giddy, as if the world were turning round with him. But every moment the river was becoming more gay and bright, and the moving panorama before him after a while overcame his individual reflections. The "fellows" newly arrived were already crowding down to the river—little new boys standing about with their hands in their pockets looking wistfully on; but the old *habitués* of the Thames asserted their superiority, and got aloft in swarms—some in the strange outriggers which Val had heard of, but had never seen before. Lord Eskside was as eager about the sight as if it had been he who was the new boy. "Look how light they are, Val!" he cried—"how cleverly they manage them! If those long oars get out of balance the thing upsets. Look at that small creature there no bigger than yourself—"

"Bigger! he's not up to my elbow," cried Val, indignant.

"Well, smaller than yourself: but you could not do that, you lout, to save your life."

Val's face grew crimson. "Come back next week, grandpa," he said, "and see if I can't; or come along, I'll try now: it would only be a ducking—and what do I care for a ducking? I'll try this very day."

"Come back, come back, my boy; they won't let you try to-day," cried the old lord, laughing at the boy's impetuosity. Val had turned back, and was rushing down to the "rafts" where boats were to be had; and it was all that his grandfather could do to restrain him. "You are not, Val Ross, your own master—not to speak of other people's—here," he said, holding the boy by the arm, "but a member of a corporation, and you must obey the laws of it. They'll not give you a boat, or if they do, it will be because they think you don't belong to Eton; and if you were to go out without fulfilling all the regulations, they'd punish you, Val."

"Punish me!" cried Val, with nostrils dilating, and a wild fire in his eyes.

"Ay, punish *you*, though you are such a great man. This will never do," said Lord Eskside; "do you mean to struggle with me, sir, in the sight of all these lads? Master yourself! and that at once."

The boy came to himself with a gasp,

as if he had been drowning. I don't think he had ever in his life been spoken to in so severe a voice. He ceased to resist, and the old lord gave up his hold on his arm, and continued in a lower tone —

"You must learn this lesson, my boy, at once. You are nobody here, and you must master yourself. Do it of your own will, and you show the makings of a man. Do it because you are compelled, and what are you but a slave? The thing is in your own hands, Val," said Lord Eskside, softened, and putting off his peremptory tone; "you have almost made an exhibition, before all these strange lads, of yourself — and me."

Val did not say anything; his breast was swelling high, his heart throbbing with the effort he had made; and he was not pleased that he had been obliged to make the effort, nor did he feel that satisfaction in having done his duty which is said always to attend that somewhat difficult operation. He walked along the river-side panting and drawing his breath hard, as if he really had tried the experiment of a ducking. How he longed to do this thing which he had been assured he must not do! He would have liked to jump into the river and swim out to one of the long slim boats, poised like big dragon-flies on the water, and eject its rower, and take the vacant place; in which case, no doubt, Val would have come to signal grief, as he would have deserved — for he had never been in an outrigger in his life.

Then the pair went and dined at the hotel, where Val recovered his spirits; and then the old lord took the boy to his little room, where they found his things unpacked, and his pictures standing in a little heap against the wall, and his room almost filled up with the bed which had been folded up out of the way when they were there before. It was not like the luxurious large airy room which had been Val's at home, any more than the house with its long passages, with regiments of doors on either side, was like the old-fashioned arrangements of RossCraig. And here at last the parting so often rehearsed had to be done in earnest. "Master yourself," said the old lord, with a voice which was neither so cheery nor so firm as he meant it to be; "and God bless you, Val!" And then he was gone, walking up the dark street with a heavy heart in his old bosom, and his eyebrows working furiously. And Val sat down upon his bed and looked round

him wonderingly, and for the first time realized that he was left alone.

However, it is useless to enter upon the details of so very common a scene. Perhaps the boy shed a few tears silently when the maid took away his candle, and he felt that no soft step, subdued lest he should be sleeping, no rustling silken garments, could come into his room that night. In the morning he faced his new existence vigorously, and hung his pictures, and began his work without any weakness of recollection. The old people felt it a great deal more, and a great deal longer; but Val could not have been known from the most accustomed and habitual schoolboy, and stranger still, scarcely knew himself for anything else after that night. At the end of the week he felt as if he had lived there all his life — as if he had been there before in some previous kind of existence. I suppose this readiness of a child to adapt itself to new habits, and make them its own, does but increase the strange unreality of life itself to the half-conscious mind — life which changes in a moment, so that one week seems like years, and years, being past, look as if they had never been.

At the end of the week Val wrote home; and in his first letter there was this paragraph, written in his clearest hand: —

"Tell grandpapa I rowed up to Surly Hall, a long way above where we walked, above locks, in an *outrigger*, this morning. I rowed another fellow and licked him. I passed swimming on Thursday, and *outriggers* is very easy. You have nothing to do but keep steady, and it flies like a bird."

"What is an outrigger?" said Lady Eskside, as she gave her husband the letter. The old lord gave an internal shiver, and thanked heaven that she did not remember; and Val did not think it necessary to inform his anxious grandparents how often he had swamped his little craft on the Friday, before he succeeded in making that triumphal progress to Surly on Saturday morning. "He's a determined rascal, that boy of yours, my lady," was all the answer Lord Eskside made.

I would not assert, however, that Val found all his difficulties at school to be surmounted so easily as the outrigger. He had to go through the average number of accidents and perils, and overcome various wild stirrings of nature within him, before he learned, as a true

Etonian does, to take pride in the penalties and hardships as well as the pleasures which distinguish his school. Val's natural pride in his own person as Val Ross had to be met, and routed by his artificial and conventional pride as a schoolboy, before, for instance, he could reconcile himself to be some one's fag, a fate which overtook him instantly. Little Lord Hightowers, the Duke's son, who was in the same house, took to it naturally, without any stirring of repugnance, and made his master's toast with conscientious zest, and went his master's errands, and accepted his share of the dainties he had fetched when that potentate was in a liberal mood, without any struggle whatever with himself. But Val had a struggle, the wild blood in his veins being unused to obedience and finding subjection hard. I am happy to say, however, that his powers were equal to the necessary sacrifice, and that he never made an exhibition of himself as he had been on the eve of doing on the day of his arrival. Time passed on, and Val grew and "mastered himself;" but sometimes did not master himself, and got into disgrace, and scrambled out again, and had no fair-weather voyage, but all a schoolboy's troubles at their hardest. Hightowers had a very much easier time of it, for he was neither proud nor ambitious, but was just as happy at the foot of his division as anywhere else, quite as happy looking on at a game as playing, and took the floggings which overtook him periodically with the most heavenly calm; whereas the mere threat of one wrought Val to the point of desperation. Hightowers was better off than Val by right of his temperament and calmer blood. He took everything much more lightly, and used to discourse to his companion on the vanity of "making a fuss" with ponderous and precocious wisdom. "Why don't you take it easy, as I do?" said Hightowers; "what's the good of verses, for instance? A fellow never does verses after he leaves school. If you get complained of, it don't hurt you; and even a swishing, though it stings, it's only for a minute—I don't mind. There's a house match on to-day between Guerre's and Whiting's. Put that rubbish away and come along."

Val was on the point of going, when a recollection of what he had heard of his father's eminence in the way of verse-making returned to his mind; whereupon he sat down again doggedly to grind the smooth English into rugged schoolboy

Latin. He clenched his teeth at the thought of being inferior to his father—not from love—for how should he love the man who had not spent a kind word on him, or seen him, but once in his life?—but from a violent instinct of opposition which had sprung up in his soul, he could not tell why. He would not be beaten by his father; and this visionary jealousy overcame all Hightowers' philosophizings, and even the attractions of the match between Whiting's and Guerre's.

Thus the boy grew, not perhaps a very amiable boy, though with a side to his character which was as sweet and soft as the other was rugged; and with his grandfather's lesson well learned and bearing fruit. People who do right by a struggle are not so pleasant as those who do right because it comes natural to them—or even sometimes as those who do wrong in an easy and natural way without any effort; and when Val went home he would carry occasional traces of the conflict, and sometimes showed a chaotic condition of mind which disturbed the peace of his elders almost as much as it disturbed his own; and his career at school was of a mixed character, sometimes almost brilliant, sometimes very doubtful. What wild impulses would rise in him, longings for he knew not what, desires almost uncontrollable to rush away out of the routine in which his life was spent! Sometimes a fierce inclination to go to sea seized upon him; sometimes he would be suddenly tempted by the sight of the soldiers, of whom he saw so many, and for the moment the fancy of enlisting and going off unknown to India, China, or the end of the world, in search of adventures—a veritable knight-errant—moved the boy. But only himself knew how sudden and fierce were these temptations. He did not confide them to any one. He could not tell where they came from, not being learned enough or clever enough to refer them to his mother's vagrant blood, which stirred and rose in spring-tides and periodical overflows with the rising of his youth. But his practical schoolboy life had this excellent effect, that it withdrew him from everything visionary, giving him only practical difficulties and temptations to struggle against. He forgot at Eton all about the other strange and jarring elements in his existence which had perplexed him in his childhood. And, indeed, the boy had no leisure, even had he been disposed, to brood over his pa-

rentage, or ask himself why his father and mother were unlike those *paters* and *maters* of whom his companions talked. It was so; and what more could be said? He accepted the fact without further questioning, and thought no more about it. He had enough to do with his school-boy occupations, and with that high art in which he was being trained by all the influences round him—the art of mastering himself.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
THE FIJI ISLANDS.

## II.—THE NATIVES.

THE Fijians, among whom so many of our fellow-countrymen have thought proper to risk their lives and their fortunes, were formerly—though by no means quite without civilization of an inchoate sort—one of the most treacherous and bloodthirsty races of cannibals to be found in the South Seas. Neither so black nor so woolly as the natives of the groups to the west of the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, or the great island of Papua, they are nevertheless nearer akin to the full-blooded negro than they are either to the Tongan or to the Samoan. The comparative lightness of skin to be observed in the windward portion of the group, and among some of the chiefs on the coast of Viti Levu, is due to an admixture of Tongan blood. In the interior of the two large islands the negro type is more apparent, and to this day the mountaineers, with their great unshapely heads of hair and singular methods of painting their bodies, might pass muster as immigrants from Central Africa. The men are for the most part tall stalwart fellows; but those who live on the leeward side of the islands, sheltered from the trade winds, seem, like the vegetation, somewhat weak and stunted. This no doubt arises from the greater difficulty in getting food. The women, too, are scarcely a match for the men in appearance, and become flabby or wizened at an early age. Various estimates, between 120,000 and 250,000, have been made of the numbers of the native population. Probably at the present time 150,000 would not be very far from the mark. There can be no doubt that they are rapidly dying out before the advance of the white man, like the Maories, the Kanakas, and other Polynesians. The statistics which Mr. Lorimer Fison

contrived to procure in the Rewa district of the births and deaths in the native villages showed quite a remarkable falling-off in the former. It is, perhaps, difficult to account satisfactorily for the almost invariable fading away of native races; but in this instance the complete change which has been brought about in their social system by the introduction of Christianity must have produced a great effect, even if gin and disease had not of late years worked together in the same direction. The more enlightened of the Fijians themselves are convinced that their race is doomed, and sometimes say to white men who have gained their confidence that the Kai Viti have run their course, and that the Kai Papalagi will soon possess the country undisturbed. And so it is throughout Polynesia, from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand.

Fijian society, before the coming of the white man, rested almost entirely upon the system of chieftainship, which linked together in a more or less stringent bond the different islands of the group. It was, in fact, a sort of rude feudalism, which was thrown off or submitted to according to the strength of each great or petty chief at the particular time. The chiefs of Mbau, a little island scarcely separated from Viti Levu, have long claimed a nominal supremacy over most of Fiji, but in reality they had little means of enforcing it, especially in the two large islands. The chiefs took rank by their mothers, but wars of succession were common enough. All below them were bound to show the most complete deference, and any unfortunate artisan or slave who failed to display a grovelling obsequiousness to his superior stood a good chance of being clubbed on the spot. An accident which happened to Tui Levuka, the chief of Ovalau, before he died of gin-drinking a few years ago, will serve to show the extraordinary devotion displayed towards a chief by his immediate followers in some cases. Tui Levuka was upset in his large canoe when about half-way between Wakaia and Ovalau, seven miles from land. He had with him at the time some forty-six dependants. As the canoe sank these men made a circle round their chief, joining hands and keeping themselves afloat with their feet. One by one the sharks, who quickly gathered to the spot, took his attendants down. The remainder joined hands afresh over the gaps thus caused, and Tui Levuka continued to swim about peaceably in the midst of the

constantly narrowing circle. The sharks kept steadily at their work, and when at length the whole party was picked up only twenty out of the forty-six survived. There can be no doubt that the chief's retinue were the less inclined to shirk their duty from the knowledge that if they had landed without their chief they would have been considered candidates for the oven.

Notwithstanding the power which these rulers possessed, their right of clubbing whom they saw fit was in practice considerably restricted, and they held much of their authority in trust for the benefit of the artisans, the sailors, the cultivators, and others who went to make up the population. The slaves, however, seem to have been fair game, and the vilest insult in the Fijian language is to call a man "kaisi mbukola," or slave ready dressed for the oven. The cannibalism to which this refers, and which is not even now wholly extinct, appears to have arisen from very simple causes; and though curiously enough baked man is now called "long pig" in Fijian, there can be no doubt that man was originally eaten because he was the only meat handy. The lust after flesh which comes from a constant vegetable diet drove the Fijians to eat their enemies, and religion afterwards sanctified the prevailing usage. It is not impossible that the man-eating instinct might be awakened anew even among some of the Christian tribes; and the cry of "To the oven!" sometimes breaks out when disputes have become bitter between the natives of different islands or between the Fijians and the imported labourers. It is believed that no white man has been eaten in the group since Mr. Baker, the missionary, so rashly courted his fate in the mountains of Viti Levu. But the Fijians were not simply brutal cannibals. They showed a considerable advance beyond the stage of pure barbarism when white men first made their home in the islands.\* Their canoes, their houses, their agriculture, their pottery, their tappa were by no means to be despised. The large double canoes are marvels of patience and ingenuity, put together as they are without a nail and without the use of iron tools. Their yam-beds and taro-patches have evidently been cultivated for centuries with the greatest care and industry, the latter being irrigated with

great skill by streams brought down the mountain sides through rock-channels and bumboos. Of late years, of course, they have had the advantage of European implements and have shown themselves by no means incapable of turning them to a venture.

Thakombau, the chief of Mbau, who has been such a prominent figure in the recent history of Fiji, is a very fitting representative of the transition period from the old system to the new, and to him is owing in great part the change which has been wrought. In his early youth he commenced by retrieving his father's fortunes and his own by the exercise of an astuteness, a determination, and a cruelty beyond that of the ablest and oldest among his adversaries. Warfare and conquest in Fiji are as a rule carried on without much actual fighting. It is from the outset one long contest of treachery and lying manoeuvring on the part of both. The moment either side obtains by deception an overwhelming advantage then of course the foe is to be slaughtered without mercy. Thakombau was the beau-ideal of a Fijian warrior. He was in no hurry; but when he struck he took care that he should have no chance of failure. After his triumph, like Narvaez he had little need to ask pardon of his enemies; he had clubbed them all. In spite, nevertheless, of his early success and of his being proclaimed chief of Mbau, he was more than once sorely troubled to hold his own in after years. There is little doubt, indeed, that had it not been for the interference of the white men and their war-vessels, Fiji would have been conquered by the Tongans long ago. The Tongans fight in no Fiji fashion, and hold the Fijians themselves altogether in contempt. On one occasion when Thakombau himself was present at a battle with them, the Fijians were so amazed that their enemies continued to advance after a few of their men had fallen that in true Fiji fashion they, without losing a man, ran away. Still, in the end, Thakombau, by negotiation, and by the support of the white men, assured his position; and about ten years ago, when it was suggested to King George of Tonga that Fiji might be a desirable acquisition, he replied that the islands were already "too white." These Tongans are a very fine race, and whether the Malayan or the American theory of their origin—which Mr. William Colenso now so stoutly maintains in reference to the Maories—be correct, it

\* The best account of the Fijians in their native state is to be found in the Wesleyan Mr. Williams's admirable "Fiji and the Fijians."



is clear that they have little in common with the negroish races to the west of them.

Returning to Thakombau, who is at the present time a rather feeble old man of nearly seventy, it must be conceded that according to his lights he has done his best to maintain a proper rule among his own people since he became Christian and the white men have flocked into Fiji, but his position as well as that of the other great chiefs has been a very difficult one. What with the white men who advised him, and the white men who bullied him, and the white men who persisted in making a "king" of him, to say nothing of the naval captains who were "proclaiming" and presenting "petitions" to him, the old man, clever as he is, became completely confused. No doubt he and his followers would be heartily glad if, retaining their present advantages, they could clear every white man out of the group, but the constant appearance of men-of-war puts that out of the question. Accordingly, he is ready enough to surrender his nominal supremacy, and end his days in peace. Fond as he is of money and power, he has seen clearly enough that for the last three years he has been merely a tool in the hands of the unscrupulous whites around him. It is the same with the other great chiefs, who, so long as they are permitted to exercise authority over their respective confederations, will be glad enough to give up to others the difficult task, to them, of dealing with the whites. Unfortunately, the grog-bottle has taken fast hold of nearly all the chiefs of Fiji, and when Thakombau and Maafu die it will be no easy matter to find sober successors to them.

The effect of Christianity upon chiefs and people is outwardly very marked. Constant attendance at church, abstinence from the old Fiji dances, and a strict adherence to rules which have been laid down for their domestic guidance, are enforced by heavy fines and punishments. Native Christian teachers are provided for all the villages, and they almost overshadow the authority of the local chiefs. Polygamy and nearly all the devil-customs have been uprooted, and it is possible that a few may really comprehend the highly refined religion which has now been established among them for little short of a generation. It is clear, nevertheless, that the superstitions of former times die hard, and some of the more observant and plain-spoken

missionaries have been ready to confess that Fijian Christianity is very superficial, and that it would probably disappear tomorrow in a reaction to fetishism if the white influence were withdrawn. But what has been achieved is not the less creditable, and the fact that the chiefs have very rarely permitted men to be taken by the planters for a longer period than twelve months, and then only under some sort of guarantee for their good treatment and proper payment, may be attributed almost entirely to the influence of the Wesleyan missionaries, who in some instances have gone even beyond what was justifiable in their zeal for the interests of the natives. We believe that most of them are now in favour of annexation to England as the only way of preventing serious encounters between the Fijians and the planters. On the whole it is unlikely that any great difficulty will be experienced in forming a Government which will be much to the advantage of all the Christianized tribes, while the few thousand cannibals who still linger among the mountains will gradually yield to the central authority. It is to be hoped, however, that the first governor appointed may be a man who has had previous experience in dealing with a mixed community, and one not inclined to work out new crotchets at the expense of the people whom he is commissioned to rule.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE DOMESDAY BOOK OF SCOTLAND.

WE wonder if the Domesday Book of Scotland is satisfactory to Lord Derby? His object in moving for the remarkable record which has just been presented to Parliament, and which will hereafter exercise no small influence upon politics, was to dissipate a popular delusion, viz., that the land of Great Britain belonged to very few persons, indeed, as it was imagined, to less than 30,000 individuals. He maintained that there was no authority for this belief, that there were probably half-a-million owners of the soil, and requested an inquiry so full as to include a nominal roll of every man or woman owning more than one acre, or holding land on a lease of not less than ninety-nine years. The Peers, who knew perfectly well that if the limit were fixed low enough, and the long leases of the cities included, the number of owners would

seem large, consented, and the first Division of the New Domesday Book—that for Scotland—has now been presented to both Houses. It is an admirable return, a monument of patient research and indomitable inquisitiveness, and requires but two improvements to be perfect. The first is a separation between leaseholders and freeholders, the absence of which greatly and, in our judgment, unfairly increases the apparent number of the latter; and the second is a note to remind the reader that the person mentioned has property in more than one county. Apart from this, the work has been most patiently done; but whether Lord Derby, who understands statistics, will approve the result, is a most doubtful question. Of course the Tory papers, reading the Abstract, and finding that the total number of owners is stated at 131,530, have raised their usual paean of exultation over “those prejudiced Liberals;” but unfortunately the statement is true only to the ear, being in the sense in which the inquiry was ordered ludicrously and flagrantly false. Nobody was inquiring about borough property, or about the owners of single cottages with less than an acre round them, and apart from these two classes, the whole of Scotland outside the cities is owned or leased by 17,151 persons, of whom a large section own less than 20 acres. This number includes all who own even one acre—many hundreds own but two—even by a lease which was originally given for 99 years, and shows that the average ownership of Scotland, which contains nineteen millions of acres, is a block of 1,100 acres,—a result of no use in itself, but indicating the presence of an unusual number of enormous proprietors. This, accordingly, we find to be the case, there being no less than 106 who hold more than 20,000 acres of land, and among them 52 who hold more than 50,000 acres. We give a list of these men, drawn up as accurately as we can manage, the only doubtful case in our own mind being the Duke of Roxburghe, who must have a fourth estate somewhere which we have failed to find, and the list shows past all doubt or question that 106 persons hold within a fraction half the whole extent of Scotland. From the method of calculation we have adopted, two or three men may have more than we have said—for example, Balfour of Whittinghame, whom it is necessary to hunt through an actuary—but no one can hold less. Moreover, we have sternly

omitted every man just under the 20,000 acres, the single exception being Lord Lothian, who must have some outlying bit sufficient to make up his fractional difference. One man alone in his own right and his wife's holds more than a fifteenth of the entire area of the kingdom, and 21 men own nearly a third, a proportion probably exceeding anything known in Western Europe. There are vast estates in South Italy, no doubt, and in Austria, and in Spain; but except in the instance of grandees of the latter country, they are held by families, and not by individuals. We have abstained rigidly from adding anything to the avowed ownership of the individual, except, in one or two cases, his predecessor's “Trusts,” which, on expiry, rejoin the main property—and this is the result:—

	Acres.
Duke of Sutherland . . .	1,176,343
Duchess of Sutherland . . .	149,879
Sir J. Matheson . . .	406,070
Mr. A. Matheson . . .	220,433
Earl of Breadalbane . . .	437,696
Duke of Buccleugh . . .	432,183
Earl of Seafield . . .	306,000
Mr. Evan Baillie . . .	300,000
Earl of Stair . . .	270,000
Duke of Richmond . . .	255,000
Duke of Athole . . .	194,000
Duke of Hamilton . . .	183,000
Duke of Argyll . . .	175,000
Sir K. Mackenzie of Gairlock . . .	164,680
Macleod of Macleod . . .	141,700
Earl of Dalhousie . . .	136,000
Lord Macdonald . . .	130,000
The Mackintosh . . .	124,000
Earl of Fife . . .	113,000
Sir C. W. Ross . . .	110,400
Cameron of Lochiel . . .	109,500
Duke of Portland . . .	106,000
Sir G. M. Grant . . .	103,000
Mr. E. Ellice . . .	99,500
The Chisholm . . .	94,500
Marquis of Bute . . .	93,000
Sir J. O. Orde . . .	81,000
Balfour of Whittinghame . . .	81,000
Marquis of Huntly . . .	80,000
Mr. J. Malcolm . . .	80,000
Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby . . .	76,800
Marquis of Ailsa . . .	76,000
Grant of Glenmorriston . . .	74,600
Meyrick Bankes . . .	70,000
Duke of Montrose . . .	68,000
C. Morrison . . .	67,000
Sir J. Colquhoun . . .	67,000
Earl of Airlie . . .	65,000
Mr. J. J. H. Johnstone . . .	64,000
Mackenzie of Dundonnell . . .	64,000
Earl of Aberdeen . . .	63,500
Lord Middleton . . .	63,000
Countess of Home . . .	62,000
Earl of Moray . . .	61,700
Duke of Roxburghe . . .	60,000

	Acres.
Earl of Dunmore . . . . .	60,000
Sir J. Ramsden . . . . .	60,000
Mr. J. Baird . . . . .	60,000
E. H. Scott (Harris) . . . . .	59,700
Sir C. W. A. Ross . . . . .	55,000
Sir J. Riddell . . . . .	54,500
Earl of Wemyss . . . . .	52,000
J. G. M. Heddle . . . . .	50,400
Earl of Cawdor . . . . .	46,000
Sir J. Gladstone . . . . .	45,000
H. G. M. Stewart . . . . .	45,000
Mackenzie of Coul . . . . .	43,000
Cluny Macpherson . . . . .	42,000
J. Fowler . . . . .	39,500
Earl of Abinger . . . . .	39,500
Duncan Davidson . . . . .	38,000
E. J. S. Blair . . . . .	37,000
Sir W. Gordon Cumming . . . . .	36,400
Sir R. Anstruther . . . . .	36,000
Mrs. Cathcart . . . . .	36,000
Lady Menzies . . . . .	35,000
Sir A. D. Stewart . . . . .	33,000
R. S. Menzies . . . . .	33,000
Sir R. Menzies . . . . .	32,700
Stuart of Lochcarron . . . . .	32,400
Duncan Darroch . . . . .	32,000
Sir S. M. Lockhart . . . . .	31,500
Earl of Hopetoun . . . . .	30,000
D. R. Williamson . . . . .	29,500
Sir T. Colebrooke . . . . .	29,000
Busta Estate . . . . .	29,000
Dowager Lady Ashburton . . . . .	28,800
Sir G. Dunbar . . . . .	27,000
Colonel D. Macpherson . . . . .	26,800
Mackenzie of Kintail . . . . .	25,500
C. H. D. Moray . . . . .	25,000
Sir R. M. Shaw-Stewart . . . . .	25,000
Bruce of Symbister . . . . .	25,000
Lady Nicolson . . . . .	25,000
Grant of Rothiemurchus . . . . .	24,500
J. H. Macdonald . . . . .	24,000
Earl of Lauderdale . . . . .	24,000
Major Cameron . . . . .	24,000
H. A. Johnstone . . . . .	24,000
Mrs. Mary Robertson . . . . .	24,000
R. A. Oswald . . . . .	24,000
Earl of Eglinton . . . . .	23,000
Sir J. Fergusson . . . . .	22,600
Earl of Southesk . . . . .	22,500
J. C. J. Brodie . . . . .	22,400
D. Carnegie . . . . .	22,200
Mr. D. Ogilvy . . . . .	22,000
Earl of Rosebery . . . . .	21,000
Macpherson of Glentruim . . . . .	21,000
Marquis of Tweeddale . . . . .	20,000
Sir H. H. Campbell . . . . .	20,000
Mr. W. Grant . . . . .	20,000
Mr. A. Fraser . . . . .	20,000
Colonel Farquharson . . . . .	20,000
W. Macdonald . . . . .	20,000
Marquis of Lothian . . . . .	20,000
E. C. Sutherland-Walker . . . . .	20,000
Total . . . . .	9,350,884

true, as Sir C. W. Ross has 55,000 acres, and Sir James Matheson owns a petty morsel of 18,500 acres in Sutherlandshire, and Gordon Macleod has 11,000, and E. C. Sutherland-Walker 20,000, and there are nineteen other freeholders of more than 100 acres; but the Duke does own with his wife, the Countess of Cromartie — where, by the way, they have not apparently an acre — more than the entire surface of any county in England except Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. It is a popular delusion to suppose also that the Duke of Argyll owns Argyllshire, his share being less than a tenth; but he and the other Campbell, the Earl of Breadalbane, own 340,000 acres of it between them, stretching from the Western Isles to the Eastern frontier of the county, where Lord Breadalbane's Perthshire property carries on the story to the head of Loch Tay. We have taken no account of families, and have no room for petty lairds with only 10,000 or 15,000 acres; but no one can read the Scotch "Domesday Book," with its columns of properties held by Campbells, Kerrs, Scotts, Stewarts, Macleods, Ramsays, and so on, without perceiving how ownership has been developed. The Chiefs' right to a part of the produce of the soil has gradually hardened into ownership; and where they have split their estates, necessarily vast, for they were the estates of tribes, it has been usually among their own families. The men not heads of clans who have bought great estates are few, though three of them, Sir James Matheson, the China merchant, of whose birth we know nothing, but who was once a penniless clerk in Calcutta; Mr. Evan Baillie, and Lord Portland, who in Scotland is a new man, stand in the very front rank of great proprietors.

It will, of course, be observed that the amount of revenue obtained from these estates is not now commensurate with their acreage, the Duke of Sutherland's, for instance, being valued at only a shilling an acre, while there are small estates valued at two pounds; but that is the very evil of which we complain, as the result of these huge aggregations of the surface of the kingdom. They keep down cultivation, improvement, and, above all, building. The Duke of Sutherland, for example, is said to be a good landlord, and is certainly an active one, but can any one believe that he can or does manage his gloomy deserts as a hundred proprietors would with 11,000 acres a-piece, and the whip of necessity behind

The popular idea that the Duke of Sutherland owns an entire county is not

them to make them inventive, to compel them to grant "feus," to seek for minerals, to invite colonists, to apply that patient, minute care to arboriculture out of which some great proprietors have obtained so much? There are hillsides in Perthshire where a shilling an acre has become ten shillings merely by oak planting,—not for timber, a slow and wearying process, but for bark. What can work for ten hours a day bring to a Duke with sufficient English revenues, or why should he bore himself to reclaim a moor? Sutherlandshire is bad enough, and its rent-roll but a poor one; but plant it down in Switzerland as a Canton, and a community of freeholders would very soon make it a comfortable, or at least an endurable, residence for a hundred thousand people. Does anybody honestly think that the vast property of the two Campbells, stretching almost from sea to sea across the very waist of Scotland, would not, if held by a hundred men, instead of two, become twice as populous as it is now, and four times as wealthy and productive? The land, no doubt, is poor, but it is of the kind for which capital, patience, and incessant labour could and would do miracles, for which its present owners feel no need, and which they would make no especial exertion to secure. They will say, or rather their agents for them will say, that such effort would be useless; but let them help as legislators to enfranchise the land till they are owners in fee-simple, and then offer to all comers feu-tenures, tenures in perpetuity, and see the prices they will from the very first obtain. We do not want to deprive them of an inch of their lands, rather, by abolishing the power of settlement and entail, we would increase indefinitely their proprietary rights; but we want to see other rights allowed to grow up under them, paying them neither by votes, nor service, nor respect, but by increased cash rentals. Old Coke, of Norfolk, in a lifetime would double the rental of Taymouth Castle, triple the population of that glorious property, and increase its actual produce indefinitely, losing nothing the while, except a quasi-feudal power, which he ought not to have. The Duke of Argyll knows well the evil that in India is produced by the absence of the sense of property, yet from Iona to the German Ocean that sense is almost as absent as in Bombay. You cannot buy an acre, and unless the system has very recently altered, you cannot obtain a farm with absolute security of tenure.

These vast blocks will one day tempt confiscation, as the estates of the Pittroons did in New York State; but it is not in confiscation, but in change of tenure, in the abolition of the power of eviction, except for non-payment of a rent revised like the tithe, that improvement is ultimately to be found. The Duke of Sutherland does what he can, it is said, particularly if he sees his way to profit, in which he is quite right, profit being the measure of success in agricultural improvement; but no fortune could bear the expenditure Sutherlandshire needs for its improvement, and there are worse cases than Sutherlandshire. There are tracts of immense extent where the landlord could no more do what is needed to be done than he could pay the National Debt, and is merely in the capitalist's way. What would not Arran become in the hands of Thomas Brassey? A million might be spent in Skye, and spent to pay, for Skye ought to be the Oberland of Scotland; but who is to spend it with the present tenure? And now, as we write, we read in the *Echo* that Skye, which once sent so extraordinary a proportion of its men to the Army, is to be left almost without population, the people at last having resolved that they will depart to lands where they are sure of meat, instead of an almost perennial deficiency of oatmeal. If the Domesday Book of Scotland proves anything, it proves that the first necessity of the country is either the disappearance of proprietors able to endure a rental of a shilling an acre, or a radical change in the habitual sub-tenure of the soil; and that, we take it, is so far precisely what Lord Derby did not intend to prove.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE HISTORY OF POPULAR VOTING IN SWITZERLAND.

THE process known in France as a plébiscite, and commonly spoken of among us as a Napoleonic invention, is familiar enough to the Swiss people as an ordinary part of their constitutional machinery. As such it was used to crown the work of consolidation rendered necessary after the overthrow of the Sonderbund by the Protestant cantons in 1848. It was employed in a contrary direction at the defeat of the Revisionist party last year, when an unexpected alliance of the whole of the extreme Liberals with the Utramontanes

enabled the latter to administer a severe check to that movement towards centralization which they had just reason to dread. And now a complete revulsion of feeling, taking its rise in the religious struggle which is going on throughout central Europe, has resolved the victors of 1873 into their naturally opposed elements, and reversed the national verdict then pronounced. The ultra-Liberals, or, as they are oftener called, the French-Radical party of the south-west cantons of the Confederation, have gone over in a body to the reforming party. The direct result is that the revisionists, who were beaten by a very small majority last year, have now an immense preponderance in the popular vote, and have carried two-thirds of the cantons. It must be remembered that they were bound to win the majority of these as States, as well as to gain a majority of the votes of the country to their side, in order to pass their reform bill; and that last year they only succeeded in winning ten of the cantons, whereas now they have prevailed in all except seven, and the half-canton of Appenzell known as Appenzell Interior. The twenty-two cantons of Switzerland, it should be noted, form for all practical administrative purposes twenty-five, as Basle, Appenzell, and Unterwald are each subdivided into two separate governments. But the two Appenzells and two Unterwalds count for but a single canton each for the purposes of the Federation, and thus reduce the total votes of the cantons to twenty-three. A brief survey of the three great plébiscites of 1848, 1873, and 1874, shows how the tide of popular feeling on religious and political questions has swept forward and backward over a country where thought and discussion are as free and active as among ourselves, and every public measure is as widely debated. In 1848, when the so-called "Pact of 1815," which made of the Swiss once more an independent European people, but left them still a mere aggregate of separate petty States, had to give way to a more really Federal Government, the result of the voting was of course strongly influenced by the recent success of the constitutional or centralist party, who had just put down by force of arms the Sonderbund, or attempt of the Catholic cantons to form a distinct confederacy of their own. There was a very bitter reaction in some of these cantons even against the Jesuit intrigues which had produced the civil war and the consequent humiliation of the Catholics.

And it was doubtless owing to this reaction that Lucerne and Vaud, two of the most populous of the cantons and zealously Catholic as regards the majority of their citizens, were found casting their votes on the side of the victors. In Fribourg, another Catholic canton, the Grand Council exercised the right it in those days had of casting the cantonal vote, and gave it also in favour of the new Federative Constitution, which was thus formally established by its individual acceptance throughout the States to be bound, except six and a half of them, of which one, the Tessin canton, had voted to accept it "conditionally." Of the cantons that positively rejected it, the only one of importance in population was the Valais, the others being Schwytz, Zug, Uri, the two Unterwalds, and Appenzell Interior. The constitution thus confirmed in 1848 was by its strict terms to be revised at the end of twenty years, but it was not until 1873 that the necessary legislative work for this purpose was completed, and once more submitted to the popular vote for ratification. The result was on this occasion a very different one. The other half of Appenzell had gone over to the anti-centralists; so had the great Catholic cantons of Lucerne, Fribourg, the Grisons, and Vaud, and the two lesser but very important Liberal and French-speaking States of Neuchâtel and Geneva. The total of the adverse votes was recorded as 260,855, against 255,607 favourable votes, and the proposed revision was therefore rejected on the popular vote, as it was also by the decision of the cantons as States, there being thirteen against it and only ten for it. The causes of this reactionary vote have been already sufficiently indicated. The strength of the feeling in the south-west cantons against the dominant German element, which produced the coalition of 1873, has not been able to counterbalance during the past twelvemonth the growing animosity against the Ultramontanes, and of the six cantons which have been named as going over in 1873 to the anti-centralists, the Grisons, Vaud, Geneva, and Neuchâtel have now seceded from that alliance, and voted for the enlargement of the Federal authority. Fribourg and Lucerne, on the contrary, have adhered to the vote of last year, but the Tessin, on the other hand, has for the first time become completely Federalist. So that the minority of 1873 becomes a majority of 321,876 against 177,800, and the accepting cantons are—



counting Basle for two — fifteen and a half against the seven and a half. The new Constitution thus approved of is eminently a compromise ; but it is not the less a

decided step forward in the path of forming Switzerland into a Federal Republic instead of the Federation of States the cantonalists desired to keep it.

FROM private advices received from Zanzibar, we learn that, as might have been expected, the long delay, occasioned at home by the successive prorogations of Parliament, in taking any decisive or more extended measures for the enforcement of the Anti-Slavery Treaty lately signed by the Sultan, has encouraged a partial renewal of the slave trade, which, it cannot be too often repeated, has only been scotched, and not killed. It appears that the Arabs are now transporting slaves by the land route along the coast, and again fitting out caravans for the purpose of slave hunting in the interior, hoping, without doubt, that they may find means and opportunity for shipping them from one or other of the ports along the coast. A missionary who had met caravans of slaves on the mainland, and had stopped to question one of the slaves, had been shot in the head by the Arab slave dealer, and his life was in danger. Captain Elton, who had been despatched by Dr. Kirk, previously to the latter's departure from Zanzibar, on an overland journey of inspection from Dar-es-Salaam to Kilwa, had been menaced on two or three occasions by leaders of slave caravans, and had himself counted no less than 4,000 slaves proceeding in one month on their way northwards. And, lastly, a dhow had been captured with 100 slaves on board, but she did not surrender before she had fired upon the men-of-war's boats attacking her, and had lost one or more of her own crew.

These incidents are very significant, for it is not difficult to discover the reasons of this renewed vitality in the trade, and of this active and daring hostility on the part of the Arabs. Immediately after the signing of the treaty, the measures taken by Dr. Kirk, coupled with the extraordinary activity and watchfulness of our small squadron on the coast, were so effectual that the Arab slave dealers were fairly frightened into believing that the game was really at an end, and that these initiative measures could but be the forerunners of other and still more severe repressive proceedings. Last year there were but 1,000 slaves exported northwards, against 20,000 the preceding year, and of these 1,000 no fewer than 217 were captured by the Sultan, who has done, and is still doing, his duty most loyally. But the Arabs have begun to notice that we have in no way followed up our first vigorous policy: the constant boat service on the coast, than which nothing is more trying, has greatly exhausted the energies of the crews, who did such good service last year, and slaving Arabs have again plucked up courage, and commenced to run

slaves. It may be anticipated that the subject will receive immediate attention at the hands of the new Parliament, and that steps will be taken to carry out the recommendations of Sir Bartle Frere. If this is not done, all our work will have to be commenced *de novo*, and the 105,000*l.* already spent by the late Government in preparing ships for this service become money lost. It should never be forgotten that the treaty is valueless unless we ourselves see that its provisions are carried out. It must still take years before the slave trade can be entirely abolished, and reckoned absolutely among the abuses of the past. In the meantime the trade of Zanzibar is rapidly increasing, and new sources of revenue being discovered. A concession in favour of a German mercantile house to work the guano on three islands south of Zanzibar has been signed, and this is only one of the first effects of the new stimulus given to trade.

Academy.

THE *Weimar Gazette* states on authority that the Grand Duke is in receipt of a letter from Dr. Rohlfs, dated February 5, in which the learned traveller announces that he has been able to secure a large number of admirably finished photographs of the magnificent rocky scenery of the Oasis of Dachel, in the Libyan desert, and that he has, moreover, made an interesting discovery of several ancient tombs. In one of these, seven dead bodies were found covered over with a single mat. Dr. Rohlfs has removed one of the mummies, together with a mat, a wooden image, and some urns, with the view of bringing them to Germany, if the consent of the Khedive can be obtained; and in the meanwhile they have been deposited, with other objects of interest, in a house at Gasr, the chief station of Dachel. The native servants assert that the recent rains must have destroyed the entire settlement, and as the houses at Gasr are built of clay, hardened in the sun, it is not improbable that long continued wet may have had a destructive effect upon them.

THE winter in Iceland has been more severe than any since 1822. The west coast has been invaded by quite unusual numbers of polar bears, unwilling visitors, drifted thither on floating ice from Greenland.

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